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Beaver Gen'l James A. Mch 14

3 Highwaymen Brutally Attack And Rob Aged John Roush; Arrest One Suspect

Sheriff Lee and State Police on Trail of Two Companions.

ARE NEAR LOGANTON

Polander in Jail Refuses to Give His Name or Any Information About Himself—Hold-up Occurred in Narrows in Broad Daylight.

John Roush, a retired farmer residing at Madisonburg, was the victim of a daring hold-up in broad daylight on Tuesday, three men, supposedly foreigners, beating him until he was unconscious and getting away with his watch, his eye glasses and $9 or $10 in money. The highwaymen overlooked a wallet in a vest pocket containing $65 or $70.

The hold-up occurred shortly after noon in the narrows, about two miles from Millheim, traveling towards Rebersburg. After beating and kicking Roush on the face and head until he was helpless, then going through his clothes, the highwaymen disappeared into the heavy brush in the mountains. Sheriff Lee and two State police, aided by a posse of men from Millheim and other points in the immediate vicinity of the hold-up, scoured the mountains all afternoon and Tuesday night, but the highwaymen kept themselves carefully concealed.

One of the three suspects was arrested near Loganton and lodged in jail here. He is a Polander. He refuses to give his name or say anything about himself. With two other foreigners he showed up at Tylersville early yesterday morning. His companions started off ahead of him, traveling toward Loganton. Word was sent to Sheriff Lee and the State police. The one man was overtaken and tarrested. The Sheriff had not caught the other two up to a late hour last night.

One of the three highwaymen is aged about 40 years. His two companions are younger men. All three are rather dark. Two of the men wore soft hats and the third a derby. All three wore dark clothes. All three are short and weigh possibly from 130 to 135 pounds, each. When the three disappeared they left behind in the road a shirt and pair of shoes. These articles are in the hands of Sheriff Lee.

The hold-up was one of the most daring and the assault on Mr. Rough one of the most brutal in the history of Centre County. Mr. Roush is aged about 60 years. He at one time lived near Axe Mann and is quite well and favorably known in Bellefonte.

Expecting to be picked up by an automobile to convey him to the grangers picnic at Centre Hall, Mr. Roush started to walk through the narrows. He was alone and unarmed. When about midway through the narrows a man suddenly stepped out of the brush into the road and inquired the time of day. Never thinking for a moment that the stranger was resorting to a subterfuge, Mr. Roush innocently pulled out his watch. Instantly the stranger made a grab for the watch, but Mr. Roush, despite his age, resisted and the two locked arms in a hard struggle in the road. While they were struggling Mr. Roush's assailant gave a sharp whistle and two confederates who had been secreted in the brush jumped into the road. The one-sided battle was quickly over. The three highwaymen brutally pounded and kicked Mr. Roush on the face and on the head and soon had him in a helpless condition. While he lay in a dazed condition they went through his clothing for anything of value, but in their haste they overlooked the wallet containing $65 or $70. Before their victim had regained consciousness the three men ran into the mountains and escaped.

It was some little time before Mr. Roush recovered sufficiently to drag himself to the toll-gate at the end of the narrows. As soon as he arrived there and related what had occurred the alarm was sounded. Word was telephoned to the officials at Bellefonte. Meanwhile volunteers from nearby places armed themselves and started in pursuit of the highwaymen. Sheriff Lee and the two State policemen made several trips up and down Pennsvalley during the afternoon and evening, but the heavy underbrush at this time of the year made it easily possible for the three men to conceal their whereabouts. When darkness had come on the officers were without any definite clew as to the hiding place of the fugitives.

While the officers were scouring the mountains for the three highwaymen willing hands were rendering assistance to Mr. Roush. One of his eyes was so badly pounded up that it was swollen shut. On his head was found a deep cut, showing where he had been kicked. His face and head and shoulders were a mass of bruises. So terribly was he beaten that the wonder is he was not killed.

When he had recovered somewhat Mr. Roush was able to furnish a fair description of his three assailants. This description tallied with that of three strangers, believed to be foreigners, who had been observed loitering about in Millheim earlier in the day.

Killed Big Grey Fox.

Samuel Beightol, tenant on the Stewart farm near Snow Shoe, one day last week bagged a fine grey fox under unusual conditions. Hearing the loud barking of one of his dogs he followed it up to see what was going on. After a short time he found the dog settled underneath a tree and vigorously barking at some animal perched on a branch. It took Sam but a second to discover that the animal was a big grey fox, which had been treed and was lying upon a branch intently watching the dog. Picking up a club he approached the fox from behind and with a well directed blow back of the head killed it. The pelt proved to be an exceptionally handsome one and Sam will have it mounted. He will also receive $2 for the scalp. It is supposed that the fox just killed was responsible for the disappearance of numerous fine chickens from that section in recent months.

Mail Carrier Examination.

Notice is given that a civil service examination will be held at the postoffice in Bellefonte on September 27th, 1913, for the positions of clerk and mail carrier. The examination is open to all citizens who meet the requirements. Applicants must be 18 years of age, but not over 45, and must be at least 5 feet 4 inches tall and weigh not less than 125 pounds. Married women are ineligible, but divorced women and women separated from their husbands and who support themselves may become applicants. The examination will embrace spelling, arithmetic, letter writing, penmanship, copying and reading. Application blanks may be obtained at the Bellefonte postoffice or from the Secretary, Third Civil Service District, Postoffice Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Won Splendid Rating.

The five clerks in the State College postoffice have been notified that they scored splendid ratings at a case examination held by George Burkholder, a postal inspector from Harrisburg, on Friday, September 12th. The average rating for the five was 99.08. The individual rating of the five clerks was as follows: Harry Womer, 99.85; George Glenn, 99.52; Ambrose Rice, 99.52; Newton Hartswick, 98.52; Ira Slagle, 97.81. Inspector Burkholder warmly congratulated the clerks and said that their rating reflected the greatest credit on the management of the State College office.

To The Public.

The last issue of the "Democratic Watchman," September 12th, 1913, contained a communication on page 4, signed by H. S. Taylor, that now merits a brief statement from me:

I refer to the concluding seven paragraphs overlooking the last. He therein invaded the sanctity of my home; but I am conscious that his charges regarding my personal relations towards my late father, and also my aged mother, are infamous, wicked falsehoods. Being such, further discussion by me is unnecessary.

CHAS. R. KURTZ.

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 13, 1913.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year.

PRICE ON GREEN MILL HOLDS UP FRANCHISE

Clearfield Electric Syndicate Dickering With Council.

TRAFFIC ORDINANCE UP

Drastic Measure Would Impose Fines and Imprisonment—Some Councilmen Opposed to Abolishing Muffler Cut-outs on Cars.

Representatives of the Clearfield syndicate seeking an electric franchise in Bellefonte held an extended conference Monday night with the special power committee of the borough Council, but apparently no satisfactory arrangement was effected for the matter was not mentioned at the meeting of Council which followed the conference. Once the franchise is obtained it is expected that the sale of the plant of the Bellefonte Electric Co. to the syndicate will follow.

A wide difference of opinion as to the value of the water power of the Green mill property at Milesburg, owned by the borough, is understood to be the stumbling block in the efforts of the Clearfield syndicate to obtain a franchise. The Bellefonte Electric Co. is operating without a franchise. A year or more ago this company submitted to Council a proposition which called for a long-term lease with the borough, the installation of a modern system of street lighting, the purchase of the Green mill and details of lesser importance. The proposition was never publicly considered at a meeting of Council. The same is true of the details of the present negotations between the Clearfield syndicate and Council. The only matter handled in a public manner has been the franchise ordinance introduced some months ago. Purchase of the Green mill, etc., are matters that have been handled directly by the Special Power Committe.

Monday night's meeting of Council was delayed for some time while A. W. Lee and others of the Clearfield syndicate and members of the Special Power Committee deliberated in an adjoining room. At the conclusion of this conference the committee reported "progress" to Council. It is possible that there will be developments along more definite lines when Council convenes two weeks hence.

Counsel representing th e firmof Lauderbach-Barber Co., wholesale grocers, informed Council that the company was desirous of renting the Pheonix mill, occupied until some time ago by the Yeager Swing Factory. The company left to Council the question of the amount of rental, terms of lease, etc. President Keller referred the request to the Water Committee.

Councilman John S. Walker introduced and had read by the clerk a draft of the proposed traffic ordinance, the aim of which is to elimate danger from reckless automobile driving in Bellefonte and at the same time abolish the nerve-racking muffler cut-out inside the borough limits. As introduced the ordinance embodies numerous features already covered by the new State automobile law. Speed limits proposed are 15 miles per hour for automobiles and 12 miles per hour for motor vehicles with solid tires and weighing 5000 pounds. Drastic provisions of the ordinance include heavy fines and prison penalties for violations. President Keller referred the ordinance to the Finance Committee and the borough solicitor. Councilmen Beezer and Sheffer made known their opposition to that part of the ordinance abolishing the mffler cut-out.

The Street Committee reported that the County Commissioners had refused to co-operate with the borough in making necessary repairs to the bridge over Buffalo Run, at the dividing line between the borough and Spring township, near by the McCalmont & Co. plant. The committee was directed to obtain bids for building an abutment and making other repairs and to report on the same at the next meeting.

Before adjourning Council authorized the drawing of notes for $800, $5000, $1200, $1000 and $700, respectively, for six months at 5% to take up maturing notes for like amounts, also a note for $2000 and one for $500, for six months at 5% to meet interest on the bonded indeftedness and to pay current bills.

Robbed of $110.

Frank Kopco, a foreigner employed at the White Rock quarries, was on Sunday night last robbed of $110 in money which he had on his person while asleep. A room-mate, Tony Kapusta, who slept with Kopco that night, had left for parts unknown when the latter discovered his loss. Kopco came to Bellefonte and had policemen watch the noon trains on Monday, but the man suspected of having stolen the money did not make his appearance.

PENROSE WILL NOT BE WITH GRANGERS TODAY

Senator Sends Telegram Canceling Engagement.

SUFFRAGISTS ON HAND

Two Fair Advocates of Votes For Women Doing Missionary Work on Picnic Grounds—County Veterans Hold Interesting Reunion.

United States Senator Penrose will not be at the grangers picnic at Centre Hall today, as originally scheduled. A telegram yesterday to Leonard Rhone explained that the Senator had been compelled to cancel his engagement. Governor Tener will also be unable to attend.

The one sure visitor at the picnic was the rain. Spectators on the picnic grounds remarked that no matter how long-standing may be the drouth the grangers picnic will break it every time. This year's picnic proved to be no exception and yesterday brought the first rain for many weeks. It was a welcome shower, although hardly calculated to encourage persons to attend the picnic.

Woman's suffrage is a feature at the picnic this year. Two representatives of the cause are on the grounds and doing missionary work wherever the opportunity affords. One of the representatives, Miss Hall, of Wyoming, addressed the meeting of the Centre County Veterans Association on Tuesday and made a very pleasing impression on all present. She spoke for a half hour and her remarks were particularly interesting.

The veterans listened also to addresses by Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum, D. F. Fortney, W. H. Musser and S. M. Spangler, the last named being a former Centre Countian, now residing in Kansas. The old officers of the association were re-elected. It was decided to hold next year's reunion in Bellefonte.

To Subscribers.

During the last week corrections have been made on our mailing list for all payments on subscription to date. Corrections of addresses where indicated have also been made. Kindly examine your label and see if proper credit has been given for your payment of subscription. The management wishes to thank all who have so kindly favored us with payments on subscriptions and also to urge those in arrears to attend to the matter without delay. By so doing they will relieve us from the embarrassment of removing their names from our mailing list in compliance with the postal laws.

Zerby Decisively Defeated Smith In Bitter Democratic Factional Fight

BOROUGH CONTESTS

Brown, Johnston and Hall Nominated for Tax Collector.

Bellefonte's spirited contest for nominations for Tax Collector resulted in the renomination of Tax Collector J. Kennedy Johnston on the Democratic ticket; the nomination of Captain William H. Brown on the Republican ticket and of Willard D. Hall on the Washington ticket. Borough Treasurer E. J. Gehret was renominated on the Republican ticket over John Rankin. S. Kline Woodring was named by the Democrats for this office. He had no opposition.

The rivalry for nominations for Tax Collector overshadowed all other features attending the voting in the three wards in the borough. On the Republican side the vote was pretty well divided in each ward. No one Republican candidate carried more than one ward, but the lead scored by Captain Brown in the North ward gave to him the nomination. His plurality in the three wards was 26. R. B. Montgomery carried the South ward, having a plurality there of 9, but did not maintain this lead in the North and West wards. His total vote in the borough was 45. W. C. Cassidy was high man in the West ward but fell behind in the North and South, his total vote in the borough being the same as that for Montgomery. Willard Hall had 19 in the borough. Henry Lowry had 30 in the borough and S. A. Donachy had 20. Johnston was also on the Republican ticket and polled 37 votes in the borough.

While Johnston easily captured the Democratic nomination his opponents managed to muster considerable strength. Squire J. M. Keichline polled a total of 52 in the three wards and William Shope, a young Democrat in the West ward, surprised some of the old stagers by turning up with a total of 51 in the borough.

For the Washington party nomination for tax collector Hall had 20 in the North ward, 2 in the South and 1 in the West, as compared with 7 for Johnston in the West, 2 in the South and 9 in the North. Hall had a plurality of 6 in the borough out of a total of 40 votes.

For borough treasurer Gehret's majority in the borough was 88. He carried the North over Rankin 70 to 56, the South 93 to 30 and the West 17 to 6.

For school directors Mrs. Charles Gil-

(continued on page 8)

Detailed Vote in Two Democratic Contests.

DISTRICTS	Jury Commis'r Smith.	Jury Commis'r Zerby.	State Commit'n Hazel.	State Commit'n Stamm.
Bellefonte, North ward	31	53	61	21
Bellefonte, South ward	25	80	78	17
Bellefonte, West ward	23	22	33	11
Centre Hall borough	33	54	46	32
Howard borough	15	15		
Milesburg borough	6	8	9	4
Millheim borough	12	25	13	20
Philipsburg, First ward	20	7	10	13
Philipsburg, Second ward	37	18		
Philipsburg, Third ward	15	20	20	13
South Philipsburg	5	4	4	5
State College borough	28	27	43	10
Snow Shoe borough	15	15	22	5
Unionville borough	12	7	10	8
Benner Twp., North precinct	4	11	12	2
Benner Twp., South precinct	1	6	4	2
Boggs Twp., North precinct	2	12		
Boggs Twp., Eastern precinct	7	10	11	5
Boggs Twp., Western precinct	1	13	8	3
Burnside township	4	5	5	2
College township	5	7	7	5
Curtin Twp., North precinct	3	9	8	2
Curtin Twp., South precinct	3	13	7	6
Ferguson Twp., Eastern precinct	50	28		
Ferguson Twp., Western precinct	6	11	9	8
Gregg Twp., Northern precinct	15	11	17	7
Gregg Twp., Eastern precinct	17	54	49	11
Gregg Twp., Western precinct	22	62		
Halfmoon township	3	1	3	1
Haines Twp., Eastern precinct	6	25	14	14
Haines Twp., Western precinct	7	22	17	10
Harris Twp., East precinct	9	5	11	2
Harris Twp., West precinct	4	24	20	9
Howard township	4	14	7	10
Huston township				
Liberty Twp., East precinct	3	10	8	2
Liberty Twp., West precinct	1	2	3	
Marion township	20	16		37
Miles Twp., Eastern precinct	17	15	21	7
Miles Twp., Middle precinct	41	41	63	18
Miles Twp., Western precinct	5	16	18	5
Patton township	7	9	11	4
Penn township	3	64	48	12
Potter Twp., Northern precinct	8	30		
Potter Twp., Southern precinct	10	41	43	3
Potter Twp., Western precinct	16	35	42	4
Rush Twp. Northern precinct	9	6	7	5
Rush Twp., Eastern precinct	12	3	11	4
Rush Twp., Southern precinct	11	2	11	2
Rush Twp., Western precinct	8	5	10	4
Snow Shoe Twp., Eastern precinct	10	10	13	4
Snow Shoe Twp., Western precinct	2	12	7	5
Spring Twp., Northern precinct				
Spring Twp., Southern precinct	15	12	25	2
Spring Twp., Western precinct	4	13	13	3
Taylor township				
Union township		5	1	4
Walker Twp., East precinct	2	5	8	2
Walker Twp., Middle precinct	7	12	11	7
Walker Twp., West precinct	7	21	25	4
Worth township	2	8	7	2
Total	669	1092	964	398
Majority		423	566	

Candidate of Kurtz Element is Elected State Committeeman.

PENNS VALLEY DID IT

Choice of Meek Faction Slumped Heavily in Party Stronghold of County—Hazel Winner for Jury Commissioner Over Stamm

W. D. Zerby of Bellefonte, was the victor in the bitter Democratic fight for State Committeeman, winning over William F. Smith, of Millheim, at Tuesday's primaries by a vote of 1092 to 669, or a majority of 423. This total is incomplete to the extent of the figures from two districts.

The only additional Democratic contest was that for nomination for Jury Commissioner and it was won easily by Adam Hazel. He was renominated by a majority of 566 the vote being: Hazel 964; Stamm, 398. Quite a number of districts are missing in the totals for this office. However, Hazel's vote is so far ahead of that for Stamm that he has the nomination by a wide margin.

On the Republican side Jury Commissioner John D. Decker, of Potter township, had no opposition for renomination. George T. Bush was nominated for this office on the Washington ticket.

Until the vote is tabluated officially tomorrow it will be difficult to determine who have been nominated for Coroner by the several parties. Quite a number of persons received complimentary support, but no one apparently sought the nominations.

The Democratic fight for State Committeeman was attended with extreme bitterness, especially in Bellefonte. Zerby lost out in Unionville, Marion township, one of the precincts of Ferguson, also several other sections, but Smith fell down the hardest in Penns valley, the center of Democratic strength, and Zerby's election was foreshadowed by the first returns to be received from tha section. Zerby's victory is another triumph for the reorganization element in the Democratic party in Centre County, of which Surveyor of the Port Kurtz is the leader. The Smith forces were led by P. Gray Meek.

No tabulation has been made of the vote in the county for candidates for Judge of the Superior Court. Indications are that Judge Henderson and James Alcorn carried the county.

William H. Bing Dead.

William H. Bing, a pioneer of the old Bellefonte & Snow Shoe Railroad, died on Sunday evening, last, at his late home at Tyrone. For a number of years he was a retired engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He had been in failing health since March of last year, suffering a sharp decline about six weeks ago from which he never rallied. Funeral services were held yesterday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. Interment was made at the Grand View cemetery at Tyrone. The deceased was a son of the late Samuel and Anna Bing, and was born at Coatesville, November 4, 1846. When a boy he moved to Bellefonte with his parents. In September he entered the Pennsylvania railroad service as a brakeman. In September, 1865, after coming back from the war, he was employed as a fireman. In March, 1872, entered the Pennsylvania railroad shops at Bellefonte as a machinist, in 1888 was made master mechanic of Bellefonte and Snow Shoe division. In July, 1881, he was made an engineer on the Tyrone division and served in that capacity until retired the first day of March, 1912.

Mr. Bing served with honor and distinction during the Civil war, and saw much active service while a member of Company B, 210 Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. He was married twice, his first wife being Miss Margaret Yeager, who preceded him to the grave a number of years ago. He was married the second time to Mrs. Frances Hoover, who with the following children to his first wife, survive to mourn his death: Mrs. J. R. Stanley and Mrs. G. B. Hooker, of Chicago; Eugene and William W. Bing, of Pittsburgh; and Lawrence Bing, of California. His only brother, Zeigle Bing, died last December at Snow Shoe.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Raymond C. Walker Erma S. Dutrow	Centre Hall. "
John M. Soltes Mary Pinchok	Clarence. "

Read "The Republican" $1 a year in advance.

Plan Campaign For No-License Judge.

The 25th Annual Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Centre County, was called to order at 2.30 P. M. on Thursday, Sept. 11, 1913, in Petriken Hall, Bellefonte by the President, Mrs. Anna M. Clees, of Philipsburg.

After appropriate opening services of prayer, Bible reading and song and gracious words of welcome by Mrs. Woodcock, of Bellefonte, responded to by Miss Ella Switzer, of Philipsburg, the president appointed the different committees. The Corresponding Secretary's report was then read, which showed good work done, and especially interesting was the account of the campaign against the saloon in Philipsburg, during which the names of all signers on petitions for liquor licenses were published and spread broadcast throughout the town, causing a great stir, and arousing a tremendous interest in the temperance cause resulting in bring many new members into the Union. There are now 265 active members in the county.

Mrs. John P. Harris reported the meeting of the ministers of Bellefonte, with the W. C. T. U., which promises to result in the very near future in an active League of Christian Workers of all kinds, men and women, boys and girls, aiming for the betterment of the terrible condiditions now existing by enforcement of the laws and planning for a no-license town and county. Mrs. S. C. Wilson' State Organizer, spoke in avery interesting way on the subject "Our Temperance Family and their Work" after which the convention adjourned by the singing of the Doxology, to meet again at 7.30 in the evening.

The evening session was especially interesting from the fact of the presence of the ministers of the town and others not members, who thus showed their deep interest in the movement and spoke with great earnestness along helpful, practical lines. Dr. Schmidt gave a splendid talk, recommending strict enforcement of law and the punishment of those who violate. Dr. Hawes followed by saying that he is ready to go in and fight and fight hard if a real fight is on and not merely a "pink-tea" affair—that a real fight is what must come, tha we owe it to ourselves first of all, for i present conditions are permitted to exist, even greater evils will result after the new penitentiary is established so near our town. He forcibly urged a "dry" town and county before the penitentiary is opened.

The third speaker, Dr. Yocum, gave us some practical truths and excellent advice as to the means of conducting a successful campaign for a no-licence judge, speaking from his own experience along this line in Mifflin County, where the efforts of the temperance workers were crowned with success. Prof. James R. Hughes followed with startling facts regarding the boys and also the girls, of Bellefonte, resulting from the dreadful liquor traffic and revealed the situation in a way, he being in a position to thoroughly understand it) as to impress upon all right-minded people the great importance of immediate and definite action. After these strong talks the tension was relieved by the singing of a beautiful duet by Dr. and Mrs. Schmidt, which was appreciated by all. Miss Switzer followed by reading some remarkable statistis, which we hope to have published in the county papers in the near future.

Mrs. S. C. Wilson made the closing address, telling of the work the Temperance Workers League are doing in Clearfield County, dividing the county into fifty districts and canvassing for a no-license judge. Great advance is being made in the growth of the temperance sentiment, everywhere people are rising more and more against the liquor traffic, so that the liquor trade is very fearful of this monster demonstration of the forces of righteouness and so expresses itself in its various publications. At the early session Friday morning of the Executive Committee ways and means for raising funds were discussed. One method agreed upon was the erecting of a memorial tablet at W. C. T. U. headquarters, this tablet to have engraved upon it the names of memorial and life members at a cost of $5 for memorial, $10 for life members. At a latter session, a life membership was unnamimously bestowed upon our beloved president and vice president, Mrs. Clees and Mrs. John P. Harris. The names of Mrs. Mary S. Switzer, Harold Harris, Mrs. Letitia Thomas, Mrs. Daniel Rhoads, Mrs. Deborah Mitchell, Miss Marion Petrikin and Mrs. Hannah Stoffer were all given as memorial members.

Friday morning was given over to the Treasurer's report and reports of committees and the election of officers. All the old officers were re-elected, as follows: Mrs. A. M. Clees, President, Philipsburg; Mrs. John P. Harris, Vice Pres., Pellefonte; Mrs. V. C. Ridge, Recording Secretary, Blanchard; Miss Ella Switzer, Corresponding Secretary, Philipsburg; Miss Savella Rearich, Treasurer, Centre Hall.

At the close of the morning session a most excellent luncheon was served in Dr. Edith Schadd's apartments to all the delegates and members and the ministers and their wives. The afternoon session reports from various superintendents of departmental work were given, the Press report showing that a number of papers publish W. C. T. U. contributions. Three papers do not publish liquor advertisements

A welcome break in the closing business of the afternoon was the arrival of Rev. Dr. Hewitt, of Bellefonte, who spoke feelingly and helpfully, saying that he, too, was ready to help in the effort for the betterment of conditions and that his sympathies and prayers were with us.

Soon after the reading of the Scientific Temperance Instruction Report by Miss Rhoads and closing remarks of Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Clees, the convention closed with an earnest prayer by Mrs. S. C. Wilson and the singing by all "God Be With Us Till We Meet Again."

Shortly before the close of the convention the Committee on Resolutions handed in their report, expressing the thanks and appreciation of the delegates for their reception in Bellefonte and for the co-operation of the clergy and heartily endorsed the reccommendation to federate fraternal organizations for the advancement of the work and asked immediate action.

The W. C. T. U. also wishes to extend heartfelt thanks to those editors of various newspapers throughout the county who generously give valuable space for their contributions, and for articles awakening public sentiment in favor of temperance.

In Memoriam.

In the death of George Armstrong Jacobs his home town of Howard has lost a well known and universally admired friend and neighbor and Centre County has lost one of its best known and most useful citizens. His death, which occurred on Monday evening, September 8th, occasioned sorrow among the many friends of the deceased. The deceased was born at McVeytown, Mifflin County, April 19, 1820, making his age at the time of his death 93 years, 4 months and 22 days. While still a youth he removed with his parents to Shingletown. He made that place his home until he grew to manhood, being first engaged as a blacksmith and subsequently going into the nursery business. For a number of years he was captain of the College Cadets. With the breaking out of the Civil war he aided in musteriag in Company H, Captain Robert McFarlane, and served three months in the Seventh Regiment. Later he aided in mustering service for the 148th Regiment, also engaging in the emergency service. Following the close of the war he removed to Shingletown, which place he continued to make his home until about ten years ago when he went to Howard. Mr. Jacobs was twice married, his first wife being Miss Hannah Fox, who preceded him to the grave about fifteen years ago. Surviving him are his second wife and these children: Luther Jacobs, of Lena, Illinois; John, of Boalsburg; Mrs. John Leech, of Boalsburg; Mrs. William Resides of Bellefonte; Mrs. J. W. Sauers, of Altoona, The late Dr. W. A. Jacobs, of Centre Hall, was a son of the deceased. Funeral services were held in Howard on Thursday, after which the remains were removed to Boalsburg for interment

A FRIEND.

Don't think that pilescan't be cured Thousands of obstinate cases have been cured by Doan's Ointment. 50 cent at any drug store.

Dignity of Senatorial Visiting.

There is something impressive in the way one senator generally calls on another in the office building at Washington. A repressive dignity precludes the old time free and easy method of "dropping in to see Tom" or Jim or Jack—kicking in the door and sitting down on the table or desk and "smoking up" without invitation. Today there is a sedate step, measured and regular, as the senator sets out to call, with a manner and bearing that at once suggest senatorial dignity and courtesy. Such a bearing and dignity must perforce take the place of the impressive senatorial toga of the old days, and a visiting dramatist (a lady, to be sure) has suggested that it would be most fascinating to come to the senate on some holiday and find the distinguished gentlemen who now wear tweed and business suits attired in the Caesarian toga and mantle—a mise en scene that would leave Shakepeare's Julius Caesar at its best presentation hopelessly in the background.—Joe Mitchell Chapple in National Magazine.

Dreamland.

Most people sleep for about eight hours out of the daily twenty-four. That means they sleep one-third of each day, or one-third of their entire lives. And, according to many scientists, the whole time we are asleep we dream. We do not remember most of these dreams. Indeed, we remember only the very last one before we wake or some dream that is so vivid it wakes us. In other words, for one-third of our total lives we are dwelling in dreamland. And dreamland is a country of more utter absurdities, more grisly horrors, more fears, hopes, surprises and novelties than any land described by the most imaginative author. It is a land full of mystery, a land that science has for sixty centuries sought in vain to explore. It lies amid wholly unexplored regions of the human brain, regions which its possessor never saw.—New York World.

INVITED TO PITTSBURGH

Local Merchants and Friends Urged to Attend Old Home Week.

Invitations are being sent out by the Chamber of Commerce of Pittsburgh, and the Pittsburgh merchants to their merchant friends to visit Pittsburgh during the week September 22-27, to participate in the festivities in connection with the celebration.

Throughout the week there will be something doing every minute: there will be re-unions, formal exercises, educational meetings, pageants of school children, parades of military and other organizations, parades of steamboats on the river and re-unions of rivermen, special exhibits at Carnegie Institute, etc.

At the Pittsburgh Exposition extra attractions have been provided in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the Western Pennsylvania Exposition Society; among these will be music by the Russian Symphony Orchestra, exhibits by the United States Government, working models of the Panama Canal, the State Barge Canal of New York, exhibits by the City of Pittsburgh, the State Forestry Department and many other interesting events.

On Monday and Tuesday, September 22nd and 23rd, there will be ball games at Forbes Field between Brooklyn and Pittsburgh, and on the 24th, and 26th between Chicago and Pittsburgh. There will also be special attractions at all the theatres, music halls and picture shows. At the Grand Opera House the "Red Heads" will be presented by Mr. Jesse L. Lasky with Mr. James B. Carson, enjoying feature prominence for one week beginning Monday afternoon, September 22nd, the company numbering 16, and music by Robert H. Bowers, the composer of many popular melodies.

Under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce the manufacturers and wholesalers of Pittsburgh have arranged for their Tenth Inbound Excursion of Merchants into Pittsburgh to extend over the whole week and are anticipating many pleasant re-unions with their out-of-town friends. Certificates will be given to all merchants who make purchases during this week, providing for the refund of their railroad fares to and from Pittsburgh. Coupon tickets will also be furnished for the ball games, the Pittsburgh Exposition and the privileges of membership at the Pittsburgh Athletic Association. Already a large number of acceptances has been received from merchants who expect to participate and good times are expected.

The Crops.

Bradstreet's Report says: The feature of the week has been the widespread rains in the southwest, breaking the drought partially or wholly in Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri and parts of Texas. It is rather too late to help corn in the drought suffering states, but the rains will check further deterioration and help late forage crops, pastures, stock water and fall plowing. Corn harvesting, while not general, is being prosecuted in large areas. Spring-wheat harvesting is about finished in the northwest, and movement is expanding rapidly. Winter-wheat movement is, however, under a pull exerted by the scarcity or high price of corn and oats.

Cotton reports are irregular. Some Oklahoma reports say the top crop has been benefited, but in some Texas points rain came too late to help the late crop. Showers are general in the central south, and there are some complaints of shedding or of boll weevil damage, but the lower Mississippi crop promises better than last year. Good reports and advices of a large movement come from the southeast.

Rains have helped sugar cane in Louisiana, but checked rice harvesting.

Poor reports come from the Kentucky burley tobacco crop and from the Lancaster, Pa., district, but Virginia tobacco crop reports are good.

Rains have helped pastures and late forage crops in New York and New England.

Good apple and peach crops are reported in the Hudson valley.

The raisin crop in California is said to be about half the normal yield.

Union County Fair.

The 60th annual fair to be held at Brook Park, Lewisburg, Pa., Sept. 23-24-25 and 26 will be a perfect success in every particular if the weather i sfavorable. The officers have greatly increased their premiums since they get an appropriation from the State, the track is in splendid condition and some fast horses are training there now that will contest for class purses and county honors. About 60 new stalls have been built which are modern and up-to-date in every respect.

There has been an addition put to the main building 36x60 feet in which will be found long tables covered with almos everything that grows on a farm, or is canned, baked, preserved, pickled or stitched by farmer's wives.

The attractions and entertainments will be the best ever presented to the public, too exciting to think about, too attractive to be resisted.

DuBois Attorney Dead.

D. S. Herron, Esq., a prominent DuBois attorney, died at his home in that place on Wednesday of last week, aged 70 years. He leaves a widow and three sons.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

How a Bracelet Became a Keepsake

By EDNA L. SWIFT

One evening in the year 1648 a coach lumbered along the main highway between Glasgow and Edinburgh toward the latter city. It was the year that Oliver Cromwell, having closed the war with the parliament, defeated the Scotch royalists at Preston and ended the war. In those days the roads were unpaved and, being the only means of land transportation, were much used and consequently in the worst condition possible. Two persons within the coach, a gentleman and his daughter, were tossed about as it lurched in the ruts and mudholes which the driver could hardly have avoided even had there been something better than an oil lamp on each side of the vehicle to light the way. Presently a rear wheel went down to the axle, and the coach, careening on that side, came to a stop. For some ten minutes the driver lashed the horses in a vain effort to force them to pull it out and, after a rest, was about to begin again when by the dim side lights the travelers were able to discern the figure of a masked man on the road beside them.

That he was a highwayman was evident from the concealment of his features, but his first words were not in the least terrifying. "Wait a bit," he said to the coachman, "till I bring a lever with which to get the wheel on to dry land." And with that he disappeared in the darkness, returning in a few minutes with a fencepost, one end of which he placed under the rear axle and the other end on his shoulder. Then, calling on the driver to again apply the lash, the coach was lifted on to firmer ground.

"Now," said the man who had secured this result to the gentleman in the coach, "the laborer being worthy of his hire, I shall have to trouble you for your valuables. It pains me to do this; but, the war being over and the king no longer able to pay his soldiers, I must needs get a living the best way I can."

"Alas," replied the gentleman in the coach, "that is a case of one beggar calling on another for help. The Duke of Hamilton in order to pay the troops that Cromwell had so ably defeated has taken everything I possessed except my home. I am on my way to Edinburgh to try to make a loan on that which will tide me over these strenuous times."

"In that case," replied the highwayman, "please accept my services gratis."

While this brief dialogue was being spoken the lady in the coach sat concealed in a corner so that the highwayman did not see her. But as he, having mounted his horse, was about to ride away she leaned forward and, taking a bracelet from her wrist, extended it toward him, saying:

"It is not meet that one of the king's defenders should go unrewarded for a service. Take this, and may the day soon come when his majesty shall be able to take care of his own."

There was sufficient light from the coach lamp for the man to see that she was a young girl and beautiful. He sat so absorbed in the vision of loveliness before him that for a moment he did not heed her words; then, taking the bracelet, he said:

"I shall return it in person."

"If you do," said her father, "you shall be hanged for what you are—a robber. My daughter and I are not agreed upon these troublous times. I am with the parliament. I understand that many of the king's hirelings, now that their occupation has gone, have taken to the road. Cromwell will soon be our ruler, and he will then clear our highways of these gentlemen robbers."

"Kindly tell me who you are," said the other, "that I may give Old Noll an opportunity to stretch my neck. He will doubtless bring his sovereign to the block, and I would not deprive him of the pleasure of bringing one of his majesty's loyal subjects to the halter—that is, if you can turn me over to him."

"I am Donald MacIvor, and my home is on this road midway between Glasgow and Edinburgh. But I warn you to keep away, for I shall surely turn you over to the hangman if you come upon my grounds."

The highwayman made no reply to this, but, lifting his hat to the lady, disappeared in the darkness. This was his first attempt at robbery, and it ill accorded with his rank or his inclinations. He was a younger son of a Scotch laird who in order to save his estate had taken neither the side of the king nor the parliament. He left the travelers, but felt very despondent, for his first effort at a highwayman's career was not to his liking, and he knew of no other occupation unless he went to France and became a hireling soldier of the French king. One thing he was decided upon—that sooner or later he would take the bracelet he had received and clasp it with his own hands upon the wrist from which it had been removed.

King Charles I. was brought to trial and beheaded at the beginning of the following year. The fortunes of the royalists were at a low ebb and were not destined to improve till King Charles II. was restored to the throne more than a decade later. Meanwhile the young Scot, who had made one attempt at a career on the highway, being proscribed by Cromwell's government, went to France, where he found Prince Charles, who secured him a commission in the French army.

One evening there was a ball in progress in the manor house of Donald MacIvor. He had profited by Cromwell's success and was disposed to win over as many of his neighbors to the new regime as possible. The fete he gave on this occasion was with this end in view. Among the guests was a young man who was not known and had not been invited to the ball. But amid so great a throng the presence of the stranger was not noticed. Presently he approached the oldest daughter of the house and said:

"I must ask you to pardon my intrusion here, for I have not been invited. I have returned to Scotland after several years' absence on being advised of my older brother's death. My father, Sir Malcolm Douglas, who lived beyond the Grampian mountains, died two years ago, and my brother died recently. I am therefore Sir Walter Douglas."

"And why," asked the lady, whose cheek paled at the sound of his voice and whose bosom was heaving, "did you not obtain an invitation, which I am sure my father would have"— She paused, and the young man replied to her question before she had finished:

"Because I am a proscribed royalist."

Placing her hand on his arm, she led him to a window seat where they would not be noticed. They were scarcely seated before he clasped a bracelet about her wrist.

"Go away from here," she said under her breath. "My father may notice that you are a stranger and inquire who you are. Should he recognize you by your voice, as I have done, your life will pay the penalty of your rashness."

"My life is worth little to me, nor has it been of value to me since the night I saw your face lighted by a coach lamp, for I have been an exile. But recently I have inherited the estate which my father saved by remaining neutral in our troubles. Yet, besides my loyalty to our rightful sovereign, there is but one act in my life to keep me from enjoying my heritage, an act of highway robbery. I have returned the booty taken on that occasion, and I crave your forgiveness."

"It is granted. But my father—he will never forgive you."

"There is a chance. He may not recognize me as the highwayman. Should he not there is no reason why I should not make myself known as a Scotch laird recently come into an estate, for the war has for some time past been over, and there are, I understand, to be no more persecutions for loyalty to the king."

"But in the event of my father recognizing you as the highwayman I would not give a farthing for your life. He has often spoken of that episode and vowed that should you make good your words to return my bracelet he would see you hanged high as Haman. Keep it," she added, taking it off. "I would not dare wear it."

"As a keepsake?"

"Yes."

"I am resolved," said the young man after a pause, "to take the one chance that deprives me of being openly your guest. I am going to make myself known to your father. If he does not recognize my voice my troubles may be at an end, and—I may be with you."

She pleaded with him not to take the risk, but in vain. When she found it impossible to dissuade him she put her arm within his and led him to her father and said:

"Father, this is Sir Walter Douglas of northern Scotland. He has recently returned from abroad and, finding himself near us tonight, has made bold to come unbidden to join our festivities."

The host looked at Douglas inquiringly. Despite his siding with Roundheads he had a Briton's respect for rank.

"You are welcome, Sir Walter," he said. "I trust you are one of us," meaning a supporter of the parliament.

"My father," said the young man, clearing his throat while speaking to disguise his voice, "took neither side. Now there is but one side to take."

The speaker glanced at the girl, fearing that she would betray him by her emoition rather than that he would be recognized by his voice. Fortunately her father was looking at Douglas and did not see her efforts to repress it. But at this noncommittal reply MacIvor turned away to his duties as host. His daughter gave a long drawn sigh of relief and led her guest to another part of the house. After another interview behind window curtains he left her with her assurance that he would be always welcome.

That part of Scotland lying beyond the Grampian mountains was in those days a wild country. Sir Walter Douglas went to his estate and, taking no part in the later futile attempts of the Stuarts to regain the throne of England and Scotland, was not disturbed by the parliamentary government. Later he made a second appearance at MacIvor's home to ask for the hand of the old man's daughter. It was gladly bestowed upon him, and after a wedding ceremony during which the father gave his daughter away to the man who had robbed him—Sir Walter had the keepsake in his pocket when being married—the knight took his bride to his remote home. When Charles II. was restored to the throne the pair were prominent at court, and Lady Douglas often told the story of the bracelet, wearing it openly on her wrist, to the merry monarch. It is needless to add that his majesty greatly enjoyed it.

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Bear Hunting in India.

Among the sports of India is the capturing of bears, and to this end curious means are sometimes devised. For example, four or five sturdy men are armed, two with long spears cross barred on the handles close to the sharp two edged blade, and two or three with ten foot bamboos, of which the ends are smeared with bird lime. These hunters sally forth with dogs before dawn. They pass along the base of the hills with the fresh morning wind blowing up the plains below. Should the hunters be lucky it is not long before the dogs wind the bear. The dogs are slipped and disappear in the semidarkness. Soon their roaring and growling indicate that they have found the game. The hunters run up to the spot where the bear is fighting with the dogs. The men with the limed poles poke the bear in the ribs and adroitly twist the ends in its long hair, thus holding it fast on each flank. The spearmen complete the operation by repeated spear thrusts.

Modern Witches.

Centuries have passed since "witches" were executed in England, but in very recent times they have suffered physical harm. Dr. Jessopp knew a Norfolk man who died in 1883, and in the sixties had joined with his two brothers in a night expedition to the house of an old woman. They took her out of bed, and in the presence of half a dozen other people threw her into a pond, "where she would infallibly have been drowned, but that some who were not so mad as the rest cried out that she was sinking to the bottom and must be saved." The conclusive evidence against her was that she kept a black cat and wore a black silk dress on Sundays. In 1882 there was still alive, and master in an elementary school, one who, as a young man, had scratched a "witch's" arms till the blood poured down, because she had "overlooked" him, and only so could his health be restored.—London Chronicle.

Compulsory Illuminations.

The west end of London is always ablaze with lights on the evening of the king's birthday, but no living Londoner can claim to have seen a general illumination of the metropolis. In his "Recollection and Reflection" J. R. Planche writes: "The last general illumination of London was that celebrating the battle of Waterloo. Now there are more beautiful displays, but this one was really general. Not a window in the smallest court but had its candle stuck in a lump of clay, while in houses of more pretension one blazed in every pane. Mobs paraded the metropolis from Hyde park corner to Whitechapel with cries of 'Light up!' and smashed every window that did not swiftly display a dip in answer to the summons."

Charm of the Nutmeg Tree.

The nutmeg tree has all seasons for its own. Every day in the year it shows buds, blossoms and fruit in every stage of maturing. The shell of the nutmeg is like a bit of polished ebony, and the mace it exposes when it bursts is of a bright scarlet. With all these varied features upon it at the same time, the nutmeg tree is one of the most beautiful exhibitors of the odd and beautiful in vegetation that the world possesses.—Browning's Magazine.

Pastor's New Charge.

Rev. J. D. F. Hassinger has resigned as pastor of the Lutheran church at Rebersburg and will next month take charge of the pulpit of the Latheran church at Jeannette.

For Sale

Located in Milesburg Borough.

Good Comfortable Home

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Also 1 brick building 45½x78ft, 2 story, suitable for carriage works, livery stable or for any manufacturing purposes. Above premises will be sold at a sacrifice price. Inquire of

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State College, Pa

THE Bad Man

Did He Deserve the Name?

By CLARISSA MACKIE

He rode past Fancher's place in a cloud of dust from the sun baked prairie. Nan Fancher, standing in the shade of the wide veranda, met his fierce, dark glance with frightened, timid eyes, and instantly the savage fire died out of his eyes and was replaced by a wonderful softness.

"The bad man!" shrilled little Peter Fancher from his post near the gate.

"Hush, Peter!" admonished his aunt severely. "You mustn't say such naughty things."

"But he is bad," whimpered Peter as the horse and rider disappeared in the dust. "He lives all alone in a little hut over near the big mountain, and he bites little boys, Manuel has told me."

Nan related the incident to her brother and his wife at the noonday dinner. "Who is the man? He has an interesting face," she added.

"It's Gay Ransom; that's all we know about him. He's a sheep herder for Bleck beyond the mountain. The boys give him a bad reputation, and his appearance certainly bears them out."

Mrs. Fancher sent the Chinese cook into the kitchen on some errand and spoke in a low tone. "Loo Sing has told me that he lost fifteen chickens last night, Dick, and he is positive that Ransom is responsible for their disappearance."

"Anne, dear," expostulated Nan, "that man didn't look like a chicken thief somehow."

"He's a terror of the plains, such as I used to read about in the nickel novels hidden away in the garret years ago." Dick arose from the table and passed a large bronzed hand over his sister's sunny hair. "It's mighty nice to see you out here, Nan. I wish you'd shake that old school in the east and settle down here in Texas."

"I'd love to, Dick, now that there are just the two of us left," said Nan a little sadly. "Perhaps I may buy the next ranch to yours and become your neighbor."

"The next ranch is in the next county," grinned Dick teasingly. "You wouldn't be a very near neighbor in that case. There's plenty of room for you here for a long time to come," and Anne added such an urgent plea that Nan was sorely tempted to extend her summer vacation into a permanent stay.

"I believe I'll ride over to the herder's hut and see if I find any chicken bones," remarked Dick as he left the room. "Good time to investigate while the chap's away. Want to come, Nan?"

"Yes," said the girl soberly, for the errand was not exactly to her liking. She would have preferred that her first ride across the brown prairie had a more agreeable object than the ferreting out of a chicken thief, but she said nothing as she tossed on a wide gray felt hat and drew on soft leather gauntlets over her white hands.

As they rode along enveloped in the dust raised by their own progress Dick Fancher gave his sister brief sketches of the neighboring ranches and their owners.

"And, last of all, there's Bleck's place over the mountain. Bleck is an easterner with notions who came out here a year ago, bought the ranch, placed a foreman in charge and then went home to raise sheep from the office of a New York skyscraper."

"And this Gay Ransom is one of his herders?" asked Nan.

"Yes; dropped on the country one day from nobody knows where, with a ready made reputation which was chinned far and wide by Bleck's foreman, Peterson. He says Ransom is a fire eater—shoots first and argues afterward."

"How dreadful!" murmured Nan. "And to think he would steal chickens too!"

"See any feathers?" asked Dick as they approached the door of the hut.

"Nary," sang Nan in the vernacular.

Dick rode close to the hut, suddenly swooped from his saddle and picked up the limp and yellow foot of a chicken.

"Not so far wrong there, my girl," he said to his sister, dangling the foot before her averted face.

The door of the hut opened suddenly and the bad man stood before them. He plucked off his hat and held it in his hand, revealing a white forehead between the thatch of his unkempt dark hair and the tan of his face.

"Howdy!" he said amiably. "Will you come in?"

"No, thanks," drawled Dick, with all the insulting emphasis he could summon. "I'm just collecting chicken feet; that's all. I've found two familiar ones right here. Maybe the rest of 'em are still holding up the chickens, eh?"

"If it's a joke I've missed it," said the other quietly. "Why are you looking for chickens around here? This isn't a chicken ranch."

"See here, Ransom, joking aside," said Dick, with an entire change of manner. "I've found a pair of my feet—my chickens' feet, I mean—here in your yard. How the dickens did they come there?" He dangled the feet unpleasantly close to Gay Ransom's face.

"I'm not surprised they came from your place," said Ransom slowly, "because, you see, I bought them from your cook, Loo Sing. There's one more around somewhere. I was counting on having him for my dinner, but I don't receive stolen goods, of course. Want to take him home?"

"If you've paid for him he's yours, of course," said Dick in a disbelieving tone, for which Nan could have shaken him. "I'll take the matter up with Loo Sing."

"Stop awhile, you and the lady, and I'll give you a broiled chicken dinner. I'm aiming to cook him right away."

"Not today, thank you," said Dick, with scant courtesy, and the bad man flushed under his tan at the implied insult. Nan looked down at him and met his embarrassed glance. She smiled reassuringly into his startled eyes, and there came a surprised look into her own. As she rode away she looked back more than once at the lone figure standing in the sheep herder's hut, and the last time she looked he waved his hat in friendly farewell. After that she kept her face straight ahead, her eyes fixed on the triangular space between her horse's ears. A little smile played about her lips, and now and then dimples came and went in her pink cheeks.

At the ranch Loo Sing was closely questioned and strongly denied stealing his master's chickens. The matter was talked over at the supper table, and Dick threatened to make trouble for Gay Ransom, the bad man.

"The country is well rid of such vermin," he muttered as he went to bed.

Two hours later, at midnight, there came the thunder of running hoofs on the ground without and the pounding of a revolver butt on the front door.

Dick Fancher threw up his window to find the glare of a grass fire reddening the sky with lurid flickering light and outlining the tall, graceful form of the bad man on his brown horse.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded sharply.

"Fire! See it coming? I've come to help you ditch it around the house or else get the women away. What do you want to do?" He asked the question impatiently, and indeed there was little time to be lost, for the long red wall of flame was approaching rapidly.

The ranch house was of adobe and would stand the fierce encircling flames if they could manage the ditch. They could turn the contents of the water tank into the ditch. Dick was thinking while he rapidly dressed and ordered his family from their beds.

Loo Sing had quite disappeared, and the three Mexicans, who were all the help Dick had on the farm at this season, were doubtless gambling down at Gunning's saloon, eight miles away. There was nobody here but the bad man and Dick Fancher.

First they drove the frightened horses to the shed near the house. Then they turned loose the restless cattle and saw them flee instinctively to the refuge of the hills to the east. It would take days to gather them in again. The two men fell to work with shovels and made a wide ditch all around the little lonely adobe house, waiting there in the middle of the crisp, parched plain to know what her fate would be. Would the heat of the flames crack her walls beyond endurance of the women within, or would the two be able to complete the ditch and fill it with water, thus frustrating the cruel tongues of devastating fire?

The ditch was finished while the hot breath of flame fanned their cheeks. They turned the water, an all too slender stream, into the ditch, saw the earth drink it up, drink and drink, and then when it could absorb no more saw the ditch slowly fill to half its depth. Then Gay Ransom, hatless, coatless, singed by flame and scorched beyond recognition, threw pail after pail of water against the walls of the house, even while the heated surface hissed under the contact and the steam rose in a white drift. Dick Fancher was everywhere at once, beating back little incursions of flame, tossing a bucket of water on a flaming shrub, chasing bewildered chickens into the house, soothing first his family and then his horses until the morning dawned and found them safe.

Black and grimy beyond recognition, they stared at each other while the smoke clouds billowed away to the northeast. Then it was that Loo Sing emerged from the adobe chicken house, wild with fright and dragging after him the evidences of his own guilt in the shape of a bag of muffled chickens.

"I owe you the sincerest apology, Ransom," said Dick Fancher frankly as he grasped the other's hand, "and I owe you more than I can say for the help you've given me tonight."

"I think you've made a mistake, Dick, dear," said Nan's soft voice, with a hint of laughter in its tone. "This is not Gay Ransom, the desperado. I am sure it is Mr. Bleck himself, for I met him last summer at the Tetleys'."

"Of course, of course!" cried Bleck excitedly. "I knew I'd seen you before. I took you in to dinner, you know."

"Please explain," said Dick with what patience he could muster. "Why are you not Gay Ransom? Why are you Mr. Bleck? Why are you posing as a bad man and a sheep herder?"

Bleck laughed heartily. "I'm Bleck because I can't help it. I came out here to learn the business on my ranch from the bottom up, and the bottom seems to be herding. I told my foreman I'd be incog for awhile, and the rascal planted on me the name and reputation of a well known bad man hereabouts. I've just discovered the fact, and I marvel that I've not been lynched before this."

This is the story of how the bad man came to be Dick Fancher's warmest friend and finally his brother-in-law and how Nan became her brother's nearest neighbor and yet lived in the next county.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to article nine, section four, of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, authorizing the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the improvement of the highways of the Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section four of article nine, which reads as follows:

"Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiency in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars," be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiencies in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars: Provided, however, That the General Assembly, irrespective of any debt, may authorize the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the purpose of improving and rebuilding the highways of the Commonwealth.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section seven, article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, so as to permit special legislation regulating labor.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof.

Amendment to Article Three, Section Seven.

Section 2. Amend section seven, article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension, or impairing of liens:

"Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

"Changing the names of persons or places:

"Changing the venue in civil or criminal cases:

"Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

"Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

"Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

"Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

"Authorizing the adoption or legitimation of children:

"Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties, or changing county lines:

"Incorporating cities, towns, or villages, or changing their charters:

"For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

"Granting divorces:

"Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits, or school districts:

"Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts:

"Changing the law of descent or succession:

"Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery, or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

"Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

"Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes:

"Fixing the rate of interest:

"Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

"Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

"Exempting property from taxation:

"Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing; but the legislature may regulate and fix the wages or salaries, the hours of work or labor, and make provision for the protection, welfare and safety of persons employed by the State, or by any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village, or other civil division of the State, or by any contractor or sub-contractor performing work, labor or service for the State, or for any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village or other civil division thereof:

"Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

"Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association or individual the right to lay down a railroad track:

"Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

"Nor shall any law be passed granting powers and privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for,"—so as to read as follows:—

Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension or impairing of liens:

Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

Changing the names of persons or places:

Changing the venue in civil or criminal cases:

Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

Authorizing the adoption, or legitimation of children:

Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties or changing county lines:

Incorporating cities, towns or villages, by changing their charters:

For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

Granting divorces:

Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits, or school districts:

Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts:

Changing the law of descent or succession:

Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes:

Fixing the rate of interest:

Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

Exempting property from taxation:

Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing; but the legislature may regulate and fix the wages or salaries, the hours of work or labor, and make provision for the protection, welfare and safety of persons employed by the State, or by any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village, or other civil division of the State, or by any contractor or sub-contractor performing work, labor or service for the State, or for any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village or other civil division thereof:

Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association or individual the right to lay down a railroad track:

Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

Nor shall any law be passed granting powers and privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.

A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section three of article eight of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania (if the Senate concur), That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section three of article eight, which reads as follows: "All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All the elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for the county, city, ward, borough, and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall always be held in an odd-numbered year," so as to read:

Section 3. All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for county, city, ward, borough, and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall be held in an odd-numbered year: Provided further, That all judges for the courts of the several judicial districts holding office at the present time, whose terms of office may end in an odd-numbered year, shall continue to hold their offices until the first Monday of January in the next succeeding even-numbered year.

A true copy of Concurrent Resolution No. 3.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, relating to taxation.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"All taxes shall be uniform, upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity," so as to read as follows:

All taxes shall be uniform upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws, and the subjects of taxation may be classified for the purpose of laying graded or progressive taxes; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Five.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Article IX.

Section 15. No obligations which have been heretofore issued, or which may hereafter be issued, by any county or municipality, other than Philadelphia, to provide for the construction or acquisition of waterworks, subways, underground railways or street railways, or the appurtenances thereof, shall be considered as a debt of a municipality, within the meaning of section eight of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania or of this amendment, if the net revenue derived from said property for a period of five years, either before or after the acquisition thereof, or, where the same is constructed by the county or municipality, after the completion thereof, shall have been sufficient to pay interest and sinking-fund charges during said period upon said obligations, or if the said obligations shall be secured by liens upon the respective properties, and shall impose no municipal liability. Where municipalities or counties shall issue obligations to provide for the construction of property, as herein provided, said municipalities or counties may also issue obligations to provide for the interest and sinking-fund charges accruing thereon until said properties shall have been completed and in operation for a period of one year, and said municipalities and counties shall not be required to levy a tax to pay said interest and sinking-fund charges, as required by section ten of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, until after said properties shall have been operated by said counties or municipalities during said period of one year. Any of the said municipalities or counties may incur indebtedness in excess of seven per centum, and not exceeding ten per centum, of the assessed valuation of the taxable property therein, if said increase of indebtedness shall have been assented to by three-fifths of the electors voting at a public election, in such manner as shall be provided by law.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 5.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Court Proclamation!

Whereas the Honorable Ellis L. Orvis, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th. Judicial District, consisting of the county of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date the 24th day of August 1913, to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the

FOURTH MONDAY OF SEPTEMBER,

being the 22nd. day of September, 1913, and to continue two weeks,

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 22nd., with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 25th day of August in the year of our Lord, 1913, and the one hundred and thirty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America.

ARTHUR B. LEE,
Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. Sheriff.
August 25th, 1913.

Administratrix' Notice.

Estate of Sydney A. Kiefer, late of Bellefonte Boro, deceased.

Letters of administration in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County Pennsylvania, all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same duly authenticated without delay to

GRACE M. KIEFER,
Administratrix,
Bellefonte, Pa.

Married at Howard.

At the United Evangelical parsonage at Howard on Thursday, August 28th, Robert Grove and Helen Hartman, both of Zion, were formally united in the Holy state of matrimony. The ceremony that pronounced them man and wife was performed by the pastor, Rev. M. J. Snyder. That they may have a long and happy wedded life is the sincere wish of their many friends.

Read "The Republican $1 dollar a year, in advance.

Looking Ahead.

A handsome young woman entered the office of a prominent lawyer. Immediately the legal one rose to greet her.

"I am glad to tell you, Miss Smith," he pleasantly remarked, "that your breach of promise suit has been settled. The defendant has expressed a desire to compromise the case by marrying you."

"I am very glad to hear that," was the smiling response of Miss Smith. "It is much better than taking a chance on losing the verdict. You have managed the case very well. How much do I owe you?"

"Let me see," thoughtfully mused the lawyer. "Shall we say $100?"

"We shall not," was the emphatic rejoinder of the fair plaintiff. "It is entirely too much."

"Well, then, I will tell you what I will do, Miss Smith," responded the lawyer. "I will just cut that bill in half if you will promise to retain me as your counsel when you sue for a divorce."—Philadelphia Ledger.

First Actress In London.

It was a warm reception that was given to the first French players to appear in London in 1629. Their visit was an utter failure. It was notable, however, for the important innovation which was the chief cause of their unpopularity.

The luckless troupe introduced actresses for the first time on the English stage—"thereby giving just offence to all vertuous and well-disposed persons in this town," wrote Thomas Brande, reflecting the spirit of the playgoer of that time, who was used to seeing boys take the female characters.

These "French women, or monsters rather," were "hissed, hooted and pippin pelted from the stage." The first move against this prejudice was not long delayed, however. Five years later another French company came to London with women players, under royal patronage, and were received "with good approbation" at the Cockpit in Whitehall.—London Graphic.

Roaring Wags.

The Red Lion club was composed of great Englishmen, and Huxley was one of the members. The club used to meet during the session of the British association. To a certain meeting at Ipswich, England, which Huxley described in his "Letters," some foreigners were invited, the Prince of Canino, Bonaparte's nephew, among them, and greatly astonished they were at the exceedingly human behavior of the learned professors. The Red Lion men had a custom of roaring instead of cheering and of wagging one coattail—the lion's tail—when applauding. The prince was much impressed by these proceedings, and when he stood up to respond to the toast of his health instead of making a speech he gave three mighty roars and three wags.

Brevity In Legislation.

Old time Scotchmen realized that brevity is the soul of legislation. For instance, King James I.'s parliament passed an act which said simply: "No man shall enter any place where there is hay with a candle unless it be in a lantern." This is probably the shortest statute ever passed. In fact, one small volume is enough to hold more than two centuries of Scotch legislation.

Diet For Elderly Persons.

An English scientist in his book on "Diet In Relation to Age and Activity" urges less meat, little or no milk and no highly concentrated foods for men and women past fifty. He pleads with wives not to urge elderly husbands to eat more than their natural appetites demand.

It thoroughly pulverizes all kinds of manure. Spreads more manure in less time than any other machine of like capacity. The manure is spread wider and more evenly.

Simple construction makes the New Idea the ideal spreader for busy farmers. Substantially made from the best material. Every part is inspected many times from start to finish. No complicated gears to get out of order. Has a steady, non-jerking feed and a perfect, endless conveyor that cannot slip.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., September 18, 1913

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub.

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, $1.50 a year in Advance.

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One Column, 1 year.....$100
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One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 35
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International Opera Co. opens star course this year. 5 numbers $1.00.

It is now in order for the Hon. P. Gray and the Hon. Charles R. to get together over a cold bottle and a bird.

It would seem these days that the only time two Democrats stand together is when one is standing on the other's neck.

If events of the last few weeks are evidence of harmony in the Democratic party in Centre County, will somebody kindly paint for us a picture of a first-class Democratic fight.

Local Democrats of prominence received so many new names in the closing weeks of the primary campaign that their friends will have to make up a brand, new calling list.

It is said that because of various publications in the last few weeks a certain Democratic official at the Court House is due for the cyclone treatment when he seeks re-election in 1915.

Now that the primaries are over and the fight for Democratic State Committeeman settled, prospective Democratic candidates for Judge and Court House offices may emerge from their respective storm cellars.

Now that the primaries are over perhaps the "Democratic Watchman" will come across with the name of the Democratic candidate of ten years ago for whom Elk County brewery money was carted into Centre County by the new Surveyor of the Port. Again we ask: "Who were the Democoatic candidates in that particular campaign?" What interest had the Elk County brewery in that particular campaign in Centre County?

The "Centre Democrat" says that the "Democratic Watchman" is a liar. The "Democratic Watchman" says that the "Centre Democrat" is a liar. No beating about the bush. Each says the other is a liar. Centre County voters regardless of party lines should remember this fact when these two Democratic newspapers crawl into the same bed in 1915 and with arms folded about each other's neck unite in declaring that the Democratic County ticket is the best ever.

Calling the roll in a Democratic meeting nowadays somewhat resembles the following: Mr. Dark-lantern, Mr. Weasel, Mr. Powder-monkey, Mr. Traitor, Mr. Liar, Mr. Character-assassin, Mr. Bar-room-loafer, Mr. Thief, Mr Boodle-carrier, Mr. Party-wrecker and any other parlor names which you may happen to think of. With such distinguished gentlemen comprising the Democratic party in Centre County no other party should have a look-in when it comes to standing for the protection and safety of the people.

"Fine Feathers."

No play of recent years has created as much discussion as has been aroused by "Fine Feathers", the newest drama by Eugene Walter, which H. H. Frazee presented for an entire season in New York and Chicago, and which will be seen here at Garman's Opera House, Monday, Sept. 29. Although every dramatic critic pronounced it the biggest play of the day, each reviewer treated the play from a different angle. One saw in it a serious preachment against the advanced cost and standard of living; another regarded it as a lesson about the feminine desire for better clothes than the husband can afford to provide; still another saw in it an overwhelming argument against the encroachment of graft while others treated it as an irresistible illustration of the eternal law of compensation.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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News and Views of Women.

By Julia Catharine Gray.

A new "flyer" is being distributed by the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association to the rural woman. It leads off with the caption: "Women on the Farm," and has this striking paragraph: "Life on the farm has changed since the days of our grandparents. Less and less is an independent existence possible on even the most isolated farm. Today our welfare is tied up very closely with that of our neighbors. Hence, to care properly for our own families, we must help toward the common good." The "helps" include better markets, more social life, more State money for country schools secure representation for women on the farm who may be left widows and orphans, and also to get laws to raise the age for protection of girls. Regarding the latter the following is noted: In Pennsylvania the "age of consent" is 16 for a girl of good repute. For one whom the jury may find "not of good repute" there is no age of protection whatever. In California, as soon as women got the ballot, the age of consent was raised to 21 years.

Subjoined is this pointed paragraph: Every one of these things is controlled by politics and men elected to office heed the voice of those who elect them. If we expect them to consider our dearest concerns, the protection of home and children, as seriously as they consider the chief interests of men, property and business, we must demand the right to help choose the men who make our laws. This is simple justice.

It is but a few weeks since a woman from a farm remarked to the writer, in response to the question, "are you interested in suffrage?" "I have my work you know." Is there a single thing mentioned in the above flver which does not concern the general welfare of the woman on the farm and through her the welfare of every other man, woman and child in the country?

The following is taken from the diary of "An English Women in Germany." I saw a vision; in the background were depicted some of the miseries of the world—the workers crushed by sweaters, little children neglected and dying, the weak and feeble succumbing, souls and bodies bartered for daily bread. But the central figure was that of a woman with her face turned upward to the sky, where the golden rays of a rising sun proclaimed the dawn of a new day. The light of love and compassion dwelt in her eyes, and knowledge on her broad, high forehead. Her very presence emitted power and and strength of mind and body. In her hands she held a scroll on which was written "Justice." Her attitude denoted that she was listening—listening to the heart throbs of the people in their pain, but the light of a great resolve shone in her eyes, the resolve to think and act for the people's good. It was a vision of the future woman who will be broader-minded, and stronger bodied, and fit to cope with the great problems of life, and by her influence the sins and sorrows of humanity will be lessened, and the redemption of the world will come."

Elizabeth Robbins, in her new book, "Way Stations," explains most satisfactorily the militant attitude in England, which the many criticise without investigation, but only the few take pains to understand. It is unbelievable that a nation so enlightened as the English nation is reputed to be should have practically no laws which afford protection to its women. Let those American women who think American law unworthy of respect investigate the condition of the English woman before the English law; let the American woman who criticises the English militant investigate her condition, and then tell us whether she would tamely submit in like situation; likewise, let the American man, who has been a civil war veteran and a militant all his life investigate conditions and then say whether he believes in militancy for the woman in the case. The trouble with a certain class of women is that they do not want to know anything unpleasant so long as their own position is assured. It is to their interest to know since the danger which menaces one class of women puts in jeopardy all classes. Those who willfuly keep themselves in ignorance are digging the pit into which they are sure to fall eventually.

Miss Robbins quotes Gladstone as saying, "I am sorry to say that if no instructions had ever been addressed in political crises to the people of this country except to hate violence and love order and exercise patience, the liberties of this country would never have been attained." She also quotes Burke as saying, "I am not of the opinion of those gentlemen who are again disturbing the public repose. I like a clamour whenever there is an abuse. The firebell at midnight disturbs your sleep, but it keeps you from being burnt in your bed. The hue and cry alarms the country, but preserves all the property of the universe."

Miss Robbins also states that the press last November dwelt in a paroxysm of horror upon the fact that among the woman fighting for their freedom one sent a stone through the window of the Westminster Palace Hotel where a Bishop was dining. The Bishop was quite unhurt. A Minister of the Crown has reminded us that when men wanted votes, they did not interrupt a Bishop's dinner. They burnt down his palace.

In England, the wife is wholly in the husband's power. He may beat her brutally, deprive her of her children, deprive her even of the privilege of self-support. In fact, she has no standing before the law. If she had she would not have to be repeatedly humiliated by going in deputations to Parliament only to be discourteously received and peremptorily dismissed. The militant suffragette is thrown into prison where she is treated with the utmost cruelty by being forcibly fed, a practice which endangers health and life. And for what.? Because she desires more personal freedom and better living conditions. These cruelties are heaped upon her because she has thrown stones through windows when every other means of attracting attention to her needs has failed. The striking miner, instead of throwing stones at windows, threw them at people with the intent to inflict personal injury. Was he thrown into prison and forcibly fed? No, he was not even arrested. Why? He has a vote and for that reason the English law protects him.

Fortunately, in America, man's sense of justice is one of his predominating characteristics, and when he is fully convinced of the reasonableness of a demand he usually "comes over" with the supply.

Since suffrage has come to Illinois women, they are doing things in the Middle West. The Chicago Woman's Club is going to plan a sensible dress for women. Do let us have an American style of dress and thus dispense with the services of the foreign gentlemen who rack their brains for types of dress which are constantly serving to make woman look more and more absurd.

The Old Painter.

An anecdote which Charles Francis Adams told years ago to the young Henry Cabot Lodge was retold by him in Scribner's. It was one of Gilbert Stuart and of Mr. Adams' grandfather.

Stuart painted a portrait of John Adams in extreme old age, when he was nearing his ninetieth year. It is a very fine portrait of the old man leaning on his cane. Charles Francis Adams, a boy of eighteen, used to keep his grandfather company during the sittings and watch the painter at work. He said that Stuart, who was old, too, and near the end of his career, was physically feeble. Both his hands shook violently. From a quivering palette he would take his color, and with his brush shaking and trembling he would touch the picture. Mr. Adams said it looked as if he might dash the paint on anywhere, but the brush always touched the portrait, extraordinary as it seemed, in exactly the right spot and in the right way. Despite his shaking hands and trembling fingers the old artist never made a mistake.

A Sociologist.

A sociologist is a guy who advises a man who is keeping nine children on $10 a week that limousines and champagne are unhealthy luxuries.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

An Admission.

Teacher—What is a vacuum? Boy—I know, teacher. I have it in my head, but I can't just think of it.—Brooklyn Life.

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself.

Tennyson's Last Hours.

Dr. G. H. R. Dabbs was the medical attendant on Tennyson during the latter's last illness. A few hours before the end the poet turned to the doctor and said "Death?" The doctor merely bowed his head. "That's well," said Tennyson. Dr. Dabbs has left on record a picture of the concluding scene. "Nothing," he writes, "could have been more striking. * * * On the bed a figure of breathing marble, flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window; his hand clasping the Shakespeare which he had asked for but recently and which he had kept by him to the end; the moonlight, the majestic figure as he lay there, 'drawing thicker breath,' irresistibly brought to our minds his own 'Passing of Arthur.'"

Going the Limit.

Jones—If Mr. Oldboy makes any such assertion I will denounce him as a liar. President—Mr. Jones, I will call you to order. Our bylaws do not allow you to go that far. Jones—Then I call Mr. Oldboy a liar as far as it is permitted by the bylaws of this association.—London Telegraph.

The Other Side.

"You shouldn't be dissatisfied," said the optimist. "Look at all you have." "Yes," assented the pessimist, "but look at all I haven't."—Judge.

One View of Music.

And music, whatever people say, is not a universal language. The bow of words is necessary to send the arrow of sound into the hearts of men.—Romain Rolland.

Cured His Drinking.

Jones, a Boston manufacturer, employed Hobbs as a salesman. Hobbs was a hustler who brought business when he worked, but who had a habit of sacrificing two or three days a month getting drunk and sobering up directly after getting his pay. He was always in debt. One day Jones called Hobbs in and said that he would keep him in his employ only on one condition.

"What's that?" asked Hobbs.

"It's this," said Jones. "Every week I shall take $5 of your pay and put it aside. Every month I shall deposit the money in a co-operative bank. You are not to touch that money as long as you remain unmarried and work for me."

"But my debts. How can I spare"—

"Pay 'em somehow, and let me see that bankbook every month."

That was all—no lecture on the evils of drinking, no aphorisms. The other day Hobbs brought the bank book to Jones and showed $800 on deposit. And his only comment was, "And I don't even get thirsty when I look at it."—Exchange.

Heating a Brook.

How to keep a brook running freely and water power working smoothly in a temperature of 50 degrees below zero has now been demonstrated on the Yukon, in Alaska, by some ingenious American engineers. A mining company that used water power to develop electric power, obtaining the water through a ditch many miles long, decided to try to operate through the winter. At the beginning of the winter the engineers let the water in the ditch freeze an ice coat a few inches thick. Then the water in the ditch was dropped a foot, so that the cover of ice made a protection for the stream, with an air space between the ice and the water. This kept out much of the cold, but was useless without some heating of the water. Accordingly wires were strung along the ditch, and at regular intervals electric heating coils were placed in the bottom of the ditch. By this means the water was heated by electricity manufactured by the water at the water wheels.—Saturday Evening Post.

An Enemy's Courtesy.

When the crusaders under King Richard of England defeated the Saracens the sultan, seeing his troops fly, asked what was the number of the Christians who were making all this slaughter. He was told that it was only King Richard and his men and that they were all on foot.

"Then," said the sultan, "God forbid that such a noble fellow as King Richard should march on foot!" and sent him a noble charger.

The messenger took it and said:

"Sire, the sultan sends you this charger that you may not be on foot."

The king was as cunning as his enemy and ordered one of his squires to mount the horse in order to try him. The squire obeyed, but the animal proved fiery, and, the squire being unable to hold him in, he set off at full speed to the sultan's pavilion. The sultan expected he had got King Richard and was not a little mortified to discover his mistake.

Why Hollow Trees Live.

In forests and private parks one may often witness the remarkable sight of a very old tree with a trunk consisting of nothing but a hollow shell and yet bearing branches that are covered with foliage. It would seem to be impossible that the dry bark, in some cases only held together by an iron band, could go on producing leaves year after year in the manner in which it does. The explanation, however, is quite a simple one. In very young trees the sap carrying portion is in the center. It is a series of bundles of minute cellular tubes scientifically known as "vascular bundles." As the tree gets older this series of bundles forms a ring which gets bigger and bigger as the circumference of the tree increases. In course of time the center withers and decays since it is no longer needed to supply the branches with nourishment.—London Graphic.

Beautiful Leicester.

Leicester has learned how to make herself beautiful from unpromising materials. She has no suitable building stone handy, and therefore out of red bricks, put together by cunning architects, she has constructed a city unlike any other in England. A local art school has fostered the spirit of beauty, and thus Leicester has triumphed over her limitations. She has been described as a rosy red town set in a mass of greenery. Even the lamp-posts have been designed by a sculptor who is not ashamed to let them bear his name.—London Chronicle.

Might Have Been Worse.

"Too bad," said the optimist to the man next to him on the bus, whose hat had been blown into the river, "but it might have been worse."

"I can't see how," replied the hatless one, with a stare.

"Why, it might have been my hat."—Yonkers Statesman.

Acquiring a Title.

"So you are going to leave us, Mrs. Rusher?"

"Yes. We are going to move to Kentucky for a few weeks until my husband gets to be called 'colonel,' and then we shall go to Washington to live."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Plenty of Argument.

Miss Watt—Do you belong to any debating society, Mr. Wilkins? Wilkins—Well—er—a small one. I am married.—Boston Transcript.

It is better to begin a good work in the evening than not at all.

His Flag

How It Saved His Life

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Dick Terry waved his hand carelessly toward the stars and stripes fluttering from a neighboring flagpole.

"Oh, of course, I've got plenty of respect for the grand old rag, but one can't throw a fit every time it breaks to the breeze!"

"Dash it all, Dick," exclaimed Monroe irritably, "you're almost insufferable since you took that trip abroad! Of course one doesn't want the eagle to scream all the time, but no American has got red blood in his veins if he doesn't feel a thrill of patriotic love every time he salutes his country's flag. Wait until you've knocked around the world as much as I have and you'll find that flag the sweetest sight you ever witnessed. It's the thing in your college set to make light of these things—but wait!"

* * * * * * *

Five years afterward Dick Terry found himself stranded in a remote Chinese village, whose inhabitants were excited over the reports of the impending revolution. Ignorant and superstitious and hating all foreigners of whatever nationality, they fell upon the luckless American and clapped him into a filthy lockup, to await whatever punishment the local magistrate should inflict.

It was quite useless for Dick to assert that he was a harmless American citizen, who had attempted to shoot the rapids of the upper Yangtze river in a motorboat without guides or companions and had met with disaster in the attempt. It was vain for him to protest that he meant no harm to the villagers and that he did not possess the evil eye, nor did he wish to steal their children for the dissecting room of a Shanghai hospital.

They merely listened politely, shook their round heads and locked him up.

The prison cell was a small stone room in the magistrate's yamen, and, after Dick had made a horrified examination of the dirty walls and floor and the moldy built in bed he sat down on the edge of the latter and admitted it was worse than he had expected.

"I don't believe those fellows understood a word I said," he muttered disconsolately. "If they really knew that I was an American and the son of a banker in Shanghai they would let me go. For all they know I may be a German"—

Just then he thought of his country's flag. What would it not mean if he had carried, as many Americans did when traveling abroad, a small silk flag to toss in their yellow faces! But Dick had never felt the real need of his country's protection before, and so he was unprepared to call upon her.

He looked disconsolately at his clothing. If he had possessed the necessary materials of the right colors he would have hastily manufactured a flag. His tweed suit was gray, his shirt a white drill and his necktie a brilliant red.

"If I only had some of the right kind of blue, I believe I'd try it," he muttered. But, of course, there wasn't a scrap, so he stared moodily at the rapidly disappearing patch of sunlight on the dirty floor.

Just as it vanished, leaving the cell cold and gray, a key grated in the lock and the door was pushed timidly inward.

Dick looked up and saw a Chinese maiden tilting toward him with a small tray on which were set a bowl of steaming rice and a pot of tea.

He smiled as he got up and took it from her hands. He bowed courteously and said "thank you" several times until she understood what he meant and giggled delightedly. She was a pretty girl according to Asiatic standards, and Dick was impressed by the rich quality of her garments. She wore a handsome coat of some rich blue satin embroidered in dull silver butterflies.

The satin was the color of the blue field in the flag of the United States of America.

Dick Terry had a daring thought.

With a charming smile he pointed to her robe and lifted his eyebrows questioningly. He pointed to himself, and then drawing off a diamond ring that he wore he offered it to her in exchange for her beautiful gown.

He had to repeat this pantomime several times before the girl understood his meaning, and, although she looked longingly at the jewel, she shook her shining black hair and edged timidly toward the door.

Then Dick became mutely eloquent. He gesticulated and smiled and nodded and pointed to his red necktie and extended his hands in appeal for a piece of cloth of that color and repeated the performance with a plea for some blue material of the tint of her robe, with sewing implements.

At last she appeared to understand and closed the door after her vanishing form.

For long, dark hours after that Dick was alone. He was waiting for the reappearance of the Chinese girl, whom he suspected to be a member of the magistrate's household. If she brought the required materials he might clumsily stitch a flag together, and that would save his life on the morrow. Without the protection of the flag, whose stars and stripes would explain so much to the hostile villagers, as well as favorably impress the magistrate, he would probably become a victim to their superstitious hatred.

The savagely grinning faces of his captors had warned him of their intentions. He knew that the hearing before the magistrate would be a farce. His life would pay the penalty of his foolhardiness and his own people would never know what had become of him. They would most likely conjecture that he had perished in the cruel rapids of the river, together with the sunken motorboat.

Just as he had reached the bottom rung of despair he heard a sound at the door, and instantly he followed the wall around until he stood beside the partly opened door. He felt something soft and silky thrust toward him, and he grasped it thankfully, together with the little hand, whose fingers terminated in long, shell-like nails.

He held the struggling hand long enough to slip the diamond ring upon one finger, and then he let it go, and as the door closed he heard the same delightful giggle that assured him that maidens were the same the world over, whether of the east or west.

If any one of Dick Terry's college mates had seen him that night they would have found him employed in a strange task. If Monroe had looked in upon him he would have discovered that the careless youth of five years ago had departed and that here sat a stern faced man calling upon his country to save his life.

In the dim light of an ill smelling oil lamp which he had found by diligent search and lighted with matches from his pocket Dick examined the offering of the Chinese girl and found that she had indeed exceeded his wildest hopes. There were several lengths of rich silk—one of blue, one of red and a third of white. Wrapped in the folds were needles and skeins of sewing silk.

His penknife was sharp, but it did not entirely take the place of a pair of scissors. His fingers were clumsy, and he had not the least knowledge of the mystery of needle and thread, but he learned by experience. And when morning dawned gray and cold in the prison cell he blew out the lamp and looked at the product of his hands with eyes whose lids were stiff with weariness.

He had made a flag—the flag of his country. It was a strangely wrought emblem. The red and white stripes were curiously zigzag in their meanderings and the stitches were beyond mention. It is sufficient to say that they were strong. On the rich blue field in the upper corner he had sewed oddly pointed white stars, jagged from the silk with his knife. It mattered not that this flag of his bore only the thirteen stars representing the original thirteen states of the Union. He made as many as he could and stopped.

As he looked at the product of his labors and realized what this flag meant to him now when his life was at stake he flushed hotly in remembrance of his witless speech to Monroe years before. What was it he had said with that superior smile of his youthful, conceited self?

"Oh, of course, I've got plenty of respect for the grand old rag, but one can't throw a fit every time it breaks to the breeze."

"I guess I'll have a story to tell Monroe if I ever get out of this alive," he muttered as he fell to concealing about his person all the bits of silk that were left from the flag. He had no wish to implicate the girl in this matter.

A manservant brought his breakfast, and when the meal was concluded the American was led to the magistrate's audience chamber. Beneath his coat was wrapped the American flag which he had made during the night.

The hearing was a farce. Not one present understood a word of anything save Chinese, and none of them appeared to recognize the different native dialects with which Dick was familiar and all of which he tried upon them without success. It was plainly evident that they wished to railroad him through to a speedy execution, and he had not the slightest doubt that they could concoct a crime against him as well as prove that he committed it. The magistrate was a large, sleepy eyed, indifferent individual, who appeared bored by the whole proceeding.

He waved Dick aside when the young man tried to speak and listened immovably to the complaints of the half dozen rascally looking men who had captured him. When they had concluded the magistrate uttered a few sharp words and waved his hand in dismissal.

As eager yellow hands were outstretched to grasp him Dick opened his coat, flashed out the silk flag and wrapped the stars and stripes about his shoulders.

"Touch that if you dare!" he yelled, and so eloquent was his voice and gesture that they understood and shrank back, looking uneasily at the magistrate.

That individual scowled unpleasantly and pondered awhile. Then he uttered more sharp commands, and, in accordance with the Chinese custom of supplying some sort of victim for every sacrifice, the vociferous complainants were hustled forth to execution, while Dick Terry was reluctantly escorted to the river bank and permitted to exchange several pieces of good English gold for a dilapidated little sampan, in which he eventually reached a treaty port, where he took a train for Shanghai.

The silk flag occupies a place of honor in Dick Terry's home, and he never loses an opportunity to point a moral by relating the story of how that flag was made.

It is needless to say that whatever occasion finds the stars and stripes displayed it is always Dick Terry who yells, "Three cheers for the red, white and blue!" Then "Tiger!"

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

John Lyons, of this place, and farmer and lumberman is suffering from a severe cold.

Joe Loder has gone to Hickory Corners, Pa., to take medical treatment. We hope he may be benefitted.

W. R. McCloskey, of Romola, transacted business in Howard, on Wednesday.

Mrs. Ray Allison, has been visiting relatives and friends at Williamsport, this week.

Mrs. Nan McKibben, of Williamsport, is visiting Mrs. S. I. Reber, of this place.

Charles Bowes, of this place, has been employed as bridge builder, on New York Central R. R., but has hired with Pheonix Bridge Co. at a higher salary. Mr. Bowes has proven a success at this employment and demands a lucrative salary.

Miss Daley, daughter of John A. Daley, deceased, transacted business in Howard, on Wednesday.

Schools of Howard Borough, are flourishing under the present efficient corps of teachers.

James Smith has started upon the road with a threshing outfit to accommodate the farmers.

Clement Gardner and Joseph L. Gardner are separate owners of productive peach orchards, and have raised the largest size peaches offered on the markets this year.

The Union Prayer meetings of the four churches, of Howard, are held every Thursday evening from 7.30 to 8.30, P. M. and the meetings are well attended which shows a true Christian spirit of the church people hoping much good may be done by their efforts.

The procession of farmers to the cider mill has started, and instead of a mill at Howard a cider mill has been erected at Jacksonville for the accommodation of the farmers.

Mrs. Catharine Long, widow of J. Z. Long, and her grand-daughter, Miss Mayme, of Va., are both visiting at the residence of Clyde Long. Miss Mayme kindly played the piano for the Presbyterian Congregation, at Sabbath evening service by Rev. Walter Fay Carson.

Messrs. Weston, Campbell, and Austin, men interested in the Y. M. C. A. work held two meetings in Howard last Sunday afternoon; the first meeting was held in the M. E. church, from 3 p. m. to 4 p. m. for boys; 2nd meeting in Reformed church, from 4 p. m. to 5 p.m. in the interest of men. Quite a number of men were present.

Last Sunday the following owners of autos used them as follows; Sumner Wolfe wife and family attended services at Centre Hall Picnic; also W. L. Cook, accompanied by Mrs. Mary DeHaas and Miss Fisher, made the run to the same town, where Mrs. W. L. Cook and Catharine Bechdol are tenting for the week.

Adam Kline, wife and her sister Mrs. John Beck and daughter Hilda made a run to State College, on Sunday.

H. C. Holter, is repairing his residence which is one of the oldest land marks of the Borough; when completed by weather-boarding and paint, its ancient administration will be hidden.

Sumner Wolf, has started improvement to his home, by having W. J. Wilson erect brick pillars for a large porch which will be a comfort to his wife and family, while Sumner is weighing out sugar in the store to his customers.

PUBLIC SALE.

At the home of John Kelley, two miles West of Bellefonte, near Valley View, there will be offered at public sale on Saturday, Sept. 20th, at one o'clock, P. M., the following household goods: 3 bed-room suites, 2 single beds, parlor suite, side-board, cupboard, 2 sinks, 4 good carpets, a stair carpet, matting, 2 dining-room tables, set of silverware, 2 couches, good range, room stove, oil stove, 7 good rocking chairs, 2 parlor stands, chairs, dishes, lamps and other articles too numerous to mention.

L. F. Mayes, Auctioneer.

Pine Grove Mills.

Mine host Randolph and Mrs. Randolph spent Sunday at Grange Park.

J. H. and Ed. Decker came up from Bellefonte and spent Sunday in the quietude at the old homstead.

Daniel Harpster, of Shingletown, and Charley Corl, of Struble, each had a good horse die recently.

In its rounds that famous old bird, the stork, left a nice litttle Miss at Supt. W. C. Goodling's, 11 pounds, and also a girl baby at Harry Eyers.

After a week's visit at Bathurst Wanamaker's store at Graysville, Mrs. Joe Bathurst and two interesting youngsters left for their home in Altoona last Saturday.

Mrs. J. W. Sunday and sister, Mrs. Gummo, are making a two weeks visit with relatives in Pittsburgh.

William Hamil Glenn and wife and baby boy spent the Sabbath very pleasantly at the G. M. Fry home.

Hon. J. T. McCormick has been confined to his bed for some time by a general breaking down, but he is somewhat improved at this writing.

Grandmother Cronover, of Saulsburg, and daughter, Nellie, have been visiting friends in Penns valley and taking in the sights at State College. They are perfectly delighted.

Walter Dreibelbis has been quite a sick boy for some time, the result of an attack of vertigo.

Miss Gertie Keichline is very successfully manipulating a 5-passenger Reo car. Simon Ward is driving a runabout Buick and William Rockey is at the wheel with a 5-passenger Buick.

After a four months' visit among friends in the Eastern States, Mrs. William H. Fry, with her two stirring little boys, Donald and William Edwin, have been visiting in this section the past week. On Saturday they started for a five days visit among relatives in Altoona and on Wednesday departed for their home toward the Setting Sun. They are due to arrive at Tacoma, Washington, on Saturday evening, next at 9 o'clock.

Earnest Struble has purchased a Red Indian 3-horse power motor cycle and is managing the critter very successfully.

Frank Mayes, of Lemont, gave a party a pleasure ride through the valley last Sunday afternoon. They traveled this way on their journey.

Farmer J. B. Witmer donned his Prince Albert on Wednesday for a few days' outing at the Hollidaysburg fair.

Waldo Homan and wife, of Oak Hall, spent Sunday with friends at Tadpole.

Ray Albert, the genial clerk in the E. C. Ross store, spent Sunday with his aunt Maggie Reed, on Main Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dunlap and son, William, spent the early part of the week among friends at Manor Hill.

The drought is still on and many farmers cannot plow or seed. Some of the more fortunate are through with their seeding.

Aunt Kate Foster Witmer, long since an octogenarian, with her daughter, Kate Witmer, spent the sizzling hot weather at Eaglesmere, motoring here and enjoying several days visiting in and nearby State College and noting the improvements of the last sixty years, when she was here. The party left for their home in Philadelphia Thursday, much delighted with the great institution of learning. Although past 83 years the dear old lady is as sprightly as most women of 60, and bids fair to round out the hundred year mark. She is the last of her class.

Mrs. D. H. Kustaborder, who has been ill the past month, is now convalescing nicely.

The great musical entertainment given in the Presbyterian church at Baileyville wholly by home talent last Thursday, from 8 to 10 o'clock, proved to be a splendid success and everybody present was more than delighted. The two hours passed only too quickly with the stirring strains of music. The drummer boy of 13 summers, Clair Lloyd, brought down the house with his selections. For one so young his ability with the sticks made a big hit. A vote of thanks was tendered Prof. E. B. Isenberg, under whose instruction the affair became such a fine success. Robert Glenn Goheen wielded the gavel, so that the entire program was carried out to a T. The place was crowded to the doors and the generous applause testified to the general appreciation of the efforts of the talented musicians.

John McWilliams, Henry Houck and Gordon Harper are out gunning for sheep dogs. On Tuesday night Mr. McWilliams had six sheep killed and Mr. Houck and Mr. Harper several, each. In addition there were a number of sheep mutilated.

W. D. Port, health officer, while driving near Baileyville on Tuesday, suffered a stroke of paralysis and fell out of his buggy and into the road. He was unconscious when found some time later by passers-by. He was removed to the home of Miss Bertie Meek, where he was treated, and later was taken to his home. He has since regained consciousness but his right side is paralized and his speech slightly affected. He is a civil war veteran.

Port Matilda.

Mrs. W. B. Cook is visiting with her parents, Hon. O. S. and Mrs. Kelsey, of Flemington.

Mrs. F. L. Williams and children, of Altoona, spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Lytle.

W. T. Patton, who is lumbering near Tyrone, brought his daughter Veta and spent Sunday in town.

G. C. Woodring and wife of Tyrone made a short stop at A. W. Reese's while going through town in their auto.

The stork visited at Blandburg Saturday morning and left a little girl at the home of Rev. W. H. Williams, formerly of this place, then crossed the mountain and came down the valley, leaving a girl at J. M. Williams, in town, later in the day.

Wm. Weston, of Gallitizin, made a half-day visit with his mother, Mrs. Lucinda Weston, last week.

Mrs. J. A. Williams left last Wednesday for a week's visit with relatives in Pittsburg.

Mrs. A. J. Johnson has been very ill during the past week, but is much improven at this writing.

Mrs. Rev. W. H. Artz and son Russell. returned from a two weeks' visit among relatives.

Mrs. Geo. Givler, of Tyrone, made a flying trip to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Cowher, on Wednesday.

Charles Bennett and wife spent Sunday in Tyrone.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Brooks, of Curtin, were Sunday visitors at the A. S. Price home.

Eugene Dayton, of Vail, was a guest at Gilbert Eller's on Sunday.

Blake Williams returned Wednesday to State College to begin his Sophomore year's work.

H. C. Bennett, who is employed at Franciscus' hardware store in Tyrone, spent Sunday at home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Johnson, of Tyrone, made a short visit at A. J. Johnson's recently.

A. C. Thompson, of Philipsburg, spent Monday night at his sister's, Mrs. Dr. Harshberger.

Chester Pringle and family, and P. P. Woodring and family drove to Philipsburg Sunday morning and returned in the evening, having spent a pleasant day with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Eller made a business trip to Bellefonte last week.

James Gill, of Philadelphia, visited his nieces, Mrs. A. S. Price and Mrs. H. H. Osman, during the past week.

Sanford Stonebreaker, of Bald Eagle, spent Sunday at W. L. Crain's also attended the M. E. church services.

Linzey Ross made a week end visit in Tyrone.

J. H. Crain and boys were in Tyrone on business last Saturday.

Little Miss Sarah Geyer Sundayed at Dix with Miss Ruth Lego.

Miss Ida Turner spent Sunday at O. C. Jones.

Miss Bess Peters, of Fillmore, is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Shipley.

Mrs. W. E. Williams made a short trip to Tyrone last week.

H. L. Shope has resumed his cornet lessons from Frank Jones of Tyrone.

CHURCH SERVICES: Presbyterian—Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M. Preaching services at 10:30 A. M. Methodist Episcopal Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M. Junior Epworth League at 2:00 P. M. Senior Epworth League at 6:30 P.M. Preaching services at 7:30 P. M. This will be a special service, an anniversary service conducted by the field team of Altoona, consisting of splendid preachers and musicians.

Mt. Eagle.

Your scribe last week took in Grand Army Day at Lakemont Park, which explains why there was no Mt. Eagle letter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brumbaugh, of Altoona, with their children, spent a few days with Mrs. Brumbaugh's father, J. R. Pheasant.

On Wednesday evening of last week four men from Lock Haven were here looking over the sand business.

Mrs. T. G. Leathers and son Bryan were up to Curtin a few days ago to see the former's father, Roland Bryan.

The stork one day last week left a fine little son at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Robinson. Both mother and baby are doing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Hays Daughenbaugh and children were passengers to Bellefonte last Thursday, doing some shopping there between trains.

Mrs. Jacob Shank, who has been on the sick list, has not improved as rapidly as her many friends had hoped for.

The farmers are busy cutting off their corn.

Mrs. William Bitner and mother departed last Friday for Coalport, where they are visiting with another daughter.

The Mt. Eagle schools opened on Monday of last week with a very good attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Aikey and daughter, of Bellwood, spent Sunday with Mrs. Aikey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Deitz.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Green and children, of Altoona, tarried over Sunday with Mrs. Green's grandfather, J. R. Pheasant.

Mrs. Clara McCallion, of Howard, took supper Sunday evening with her son, Al.

Miss Ida Daughenbaugh, of Howard, visited over Sunday with Miss Pearl Gates.

Blanchard.

James I. Bechdel is shy a fine three-year old colt which he found dead in the pasture field several days ago. The animal was apparently in good health on the day before it was found dead, and no reason has thus far been figured out for its death.

Miss Charlotte Reed, of Beech Creek, is attending the High School at Bellefonte.

New York Central Agent William Forcey last week enjoyed a well earned vacation.

Mrs. J. I. Bechdel has been entertaining Miss Ella Garbrecht, of Pittsburgh, and Mrs. Thomas and Miss Belle Delaney, of Lock Haven.

Friends of Mrs. John B. Earon will be glad to learn that she is rapidly recovering from her recent illness.

Mabel Page, of Orviston spent Sunday with her parents.

Samuel Smith, of Pittsburgh, is enjoying his vacation with his sister, Mrs. Frank Courter.

Mrs. H. A. Snyder visited on Sunday with her brother, James Linn.

Porter Kunes and wife, Milford Gardner and wife and William Bowes and wife were visitors with Edgar Morrison at Shank's farm on Sunday.

A. R. Moon, who has been visiting his sister in the South for the past month, returned home on Saturday and is looking well.

Miss Anna Bechdel is spending the week at Centre Hall and enjoying the grangers picnic.

The Baptist church is undergoing a thorough overhauling, the program calling for cleaning, repairing and carpeting, to prepare for the coming "Associational Meeting," which convenes in about two weeks. Everybody cordially invited and all are assured an enjoyable time.

Thomas Bechdel is having a fine sidewalk laid in front of his residence, which adds greatly to the appearance of his place and also to that part of the town.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store.

Eggs, per dozen	.30
Butter, per pound	.28

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.80
Wheat, red	.85
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.75
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.75
Oats, (per bu.)	.40
Rye, (per bu.)	.65
Barley, (per bu.)	.55
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

Take Home a Box of Barr's Saturday Candy

How else can you give your family as rich a treat in as economical a way? Barr's Saturday Candy is good, clean, wholesome—comprising a splendid assortment of flavors. Each piece of Barr's is given as much attention in manufacturing it and contains as high-quality as most 40 and 50 cent candies—

We do not sell it as a profit maker but simply as an advertisement of our candy department—a 50 cent value sold on Saturday only at 29 cents a pound.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

John L. Spittler Dead.

John L. Spittler, a well known citizen of South Philipsburg, died at his late home at that place on Wednesday evening of last week. The deceased was born in Bald Eagle valley, on November 18, 1844, making his age 68 years, 9 months and 22 days. He resided in South Philipsburg 9 years, Sand Ridge 15 years and Ramey 9 years, prior to which he lived at Bald Eagle. He followed coal mining much of his time, and for a while served as Street Commissioner of South Philipsburg. He was a kindly disposed gentleman, and had many friends who will mourn his death. Mr. Spittler is survived by two sons, David, of Sandy Ridge, and Calvin, of Bolivar. He also leaves two brothers, Perry, of Bald Eagle, and Daniel, of Sandy Ridge, and one sister, Susannah, wife of John M. Markley, of South Philipsburg. Mr. Spittler was a soldier in the civil war, having been a member of Co. H. 22nd Pennsylvania cavalry. He was also a member of John W. Geary Post, No. 90, G. A. R., of Philipsburg.

Alice P. Poorman Dead.

Mrs. Alice P. Poorman, aged fifty-three years, of East Tyrone, died in the Clearfied hospital on Thursday afternoon, of last week, of cancer. She had been a sufferer from this disease the past two years. She was born at Hares valley, near Mapleton, and in November, 1899, was united in marriage to David T. Poorman. She had resided at Greensburg, and East Tyrone, the past thirteen years, and had a host of friends who will regret to hear of her death. She was a devoted member of the Methodist church. Surviving to mourn her death are her husband and the following brothers and sister: George W. Shoop, Chicago; Simpson Shoop, Turtle Creek, and Mrs. Elizabeth Mierley, of Smiths Valley, Pa.

Funeral services were held at the home Sunday evening, conducted by Rev. Mr. Long, of Howard. The body was taken Monday morning to Curtin for interment.

Lee N. Gates Dead.

Lee N. Gates, the bright young son of Uriah and Amy Gates, died at the Gates farm home near Warrior's Mark, on Saturday night last, at 11.30 o'clock, of inflammatory rheumatism. The young man was born October 11, 1887. Surviving to mourn his death are his parents and the following brothers and sisters: Wallace, Henry, Willis, Roy, at home; Mrs. Mary Confer and Mrs. Della Weidley, of Altoona; Mrs. Laura Nearhoof, of Warrior's Mark, and Mrs. Margaret Stover, of Altoona. He was quite a favorite among a host of friends who regret very much to hear of his sudden passing away. Funeral services were held at home on Tuesday afternoon at 1.30 conducted by Rev. W. H. Fahs, pastor of the First Lutheran church of Tyrone. Interment at Warrior's Mark.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

John Zivak et ux to T. B. Budinger tract of land in Clarence; $375.

C. T. Fryberger et ux to Matilda Meyer tract of land in Philipsburg; $500.

Mike Bodenchok to Andy Kaplan tract of land in Snow Shoe Twp.; $640.

W. D. Custard et ux to Lillian V. Gettig tract of land in College Twp.; $500.

Wesley Meyer's heirs to G. W. Ishler et al tract of land in Harris Twp.; $200

Andrew Harter's Exrs to Henry Wingard tract of land in Penn Twp.; $50.

Luther D. Fye et ux to Mary E. Fromet bar tract of land in State College; $350.

Eliza B. C. Fisher to Joel S. Royer tract of land in Zion; $3600.

Penny-A-Word Column.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

WANTED—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. PARK VIEW DAIRY, Osceola Mills, Pa.

WANTED—A position as housekeeper in a small family by an experienced lady. Adress to P. O. Box 57, Blanchard, Pa.

FOR SALE—Single house and lot on WillowBank Street. Inquire MRS. S. E. SATERFIELD, Bishop, Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Two houses in first-class condition one is 4 rooms, one 5 rooms. Inquire of Mrs. William L. Steele, Sr., Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Experienced or young man to learn lunch business. Inquire,
MOWRY'S CAFE.
6-19-3t Tyrone, Pa.

TEACHERS—I can give you some good bargains in reference books and dictionaries if you see me soon.
E. J. WILLIAMS, Fleming Pa.

AGENTS—Either sex, to distribute free pkgs. Perfumed Laundry Starch. Good Pay. All or spare time. No money 539 Blumer Bldg. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE—Driving more, blooded stock and pedigree; perfectly safe; not afraid of automobiles; may be driven by ladies. Inquire of or address R. C. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission.
Doan Oil & Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—The Dr. W. W. Feidt property on High Street is offered for sale; desirable location; property in good condition; price reasonable. Inquire of Robert Cole, Architect, Bellefonte, Pa. 7-31-tf.

FOR SALE OR RENT:—8 room frame house, located in Sunnyside, near Bellefonte; water at rear of house; house well built and in good condition. Inquire ARISTA LUCAS, Fleming. Pa. 6-12-5t

WONDERFUL AMAZING INVENTION:—Just out. Agents coining money. Lights the home brilliantly for one cent per night. Competent agents work into territorial managers quickly.
Allen-Sparks Gas Light Co.
Lansing, Mich.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

The Two Schools

A Story For the Graduation Period

By KATHLEEN J. M'CURDY

When the season comes round in which the boys and the girls speak their graduating pieces to admiring audiences—their parents and relatives furnish the admiration—the boys dressed in their Sunday clothes, the girls in simple white, I canot refrain from thinking back to those days when all this was of so great moment to me. Even as schoolgirls we were looking forward to a time when we should be the mothers sending our children to school and listening to them orate on graduating day. And some of us girls had sweethearts long before we reached the high school. But there is a long step between a high school and a grammar school graduation and a still longer one between a high school and a college commencement.

My beau ideal at school was Fred Sumner. If I could win a little attention from him I was happy. If he frowned upon me I was like "sweet Alice" in the song of "Ben Bolt"—I trembled. He was the son of wealthy parents and one of the leaders in the social features of our school life. Happy was the girl who received an invitation to one of the children's parties at his father's home. I was thus honored, though I was not quite up to Fred Sumner's set, and I appreciated the honor.

There was another boy in the school who lived near me and who was of a very different type, Johnny Ryerson. Johnny's mother was a widow and in straitened circumstances. She really couldn't afford to keep Johnny at school, but she did, though as soon as he was old enough to work she needed what he could earn. Johnny studied very hard. He was obliged to study hard, because he did not learn readily. But what Johnny learned he learned thoroughly. In this he was unlike my idol, Fred Sumner, who learned so easily that he seldom paid much attention to his studies till just before examination, when he would do all his studying at once.

When Fred went away to college I was considered his best girl. He would leave me alone once in awhile to go after some other, but invariably came back to me. What it was that held him to me I don't know. I was certainly nothing of a belle, and the social standing of my family was nothing like his. Nevertheless there must have been something in me to attract him, for he certainly gave me the preference, and before he was graduated he told me "his story."

When we all got through the high school the question came up as to going to college. Girls were not so used to getting a college education then as now, and I, not having the means to carry me through without working my own way, concluded not to take a university course. Fred Sumner went to one of the large colleges, where he soon became prominent. He was elected a member of one of the most select fraternities and was altogether an all around desirable fellow.

Johnny Ryerson's mother made up her mind that her son should have a college education, and she bent her energies to that end. Q—— college was but a few miles from where we lived, and Johnny could go there and sleep and eat at home. At least that's what he did, though how nobody could find out. Johnny didn't get into any of the fraternities and, in fact, took a back seat all through his college course. How could he be prominent when he never had any money to subscribe for the different affairs of his class or his college that must be paid for by subscription? Besides, he was working at something all the while. During the winter months he worked at odd jobs, though he was obliged to confine himself to such as he could do at certain times, for not being smart he was obliged to study hard in order to get through college. And even then he took rather a low stand in his class.

While John was in college I was living at home, and when he had time he used to come to see me, for we had been brought up in the same town and had always known each other. I knew very well what his mother was doing for him, how she pinched and saved and worked to get money to help her boy to get an education.

Somehow I took it into my head that I was an object of more than especial interest to John. It did not trouble me—no woman is troubled at a superfluity of lovers—but I felt sorry that I could not reciprocate. John was not my ideal at all. That ideal was Fred Sumner. No two men could have been more different. Sumner's clothes were cut in the height of fashion, and his manners were delightful, especially with women, toward whom he was charmingly deferential. John Ryerson not only wore his hat on all occasions, but it was very shabby. Moreover, he had no fraternity badge to pin on his waistcoat. In other words, he was not considered of enough importance to be elected a member of a fraternity.

And yet there was something about John that I liked. I suppose it was his integrity. The world, especially the social world, takes no account of integrity. Those who are on top are there because they are there, and so long as they have the wherewithal to stay there they can do so. If they disappoint society by doing something to cause their fall society simply walks over their carcasses and goes on, but does not profit by the matter. That is something with which society has nothing to do. Society exists in college as everywhere else. There is the same social climbing in a university as there is on upper Fifth avenue, New York. Considering all this, I couldn't help feeling sorry for John that he must continually take a back seat.

My two admirers graduated within a few days of each other. I attended the commencement exercises at both colleges. The commencement at Sumner's university was held first. He invited me especially, and I was under his care while I was there. He had an appointment to speak at commencement, but did not avail himself of it. I found that he had become one of those who affect to despise learning. This class of students has largely increased of late. They go to college more as girls go to a finishing school, assuming that a university is a small world with all the struggles, triumphs, failures and other features of the world they are about to enter, and it is well to have some training for the larger field before entering it.

"What do men in a law case care about oratory? They want evidence," said Fred to me when I was arguing the case with him. Since I could not refute him I held my tongue.

Having gone to see Fred Sumner graduate, I was obliged to be content with seeing him elected a member of the Creme de la Creme, the tiptop of all the fraternities. He said himself that he would rather have that election than take the valedictory. He stood well in his class, he said, and that was all he cared for. These ideas were new to me, but since I knew nothing about college life I could form no opinion of my own, though I admit it struck me that if social prominence is the desideratum I could not see but that Sumner was right. He had kept in the leading class of students and was altogether desirable. A valedictory or a salutatory would not likely have improved his status.

After a pleasant visit, a delightful evening at a graduating dance at which Fred filled my card with the most promient men of his class, including a multimillionaire, who seemed more desirable than any of the honor men, I left for home. Fred begged me to give him a reply to his suit before parting, and I would have made it then and in the affirmative, but I believed he would appreciate it more from having to wait for it. So, in order to let him feel that he had a rival, I said that I would defer my answer till after the commencement at Q—— college. This had the effect I desired, I'm sure.

The exercises at our home college, comprising not more than 400 students, was very different from the one I had just attended. I went to see John's mother as soon as I reached home, and she told me that her son had insisted upon her coming to the college to hear him speak at commencement. She had so pinched her wardrobe that she was obliged to tell him that she had nothing fit to wear. John had replied that, if she had nothing but a dress of gunny bags, still she must come. She did not wish to go, for her son would surely be ashamed of her attired in an old alpaca she had had for fifteen years and a hat that had been out of fashion for a still longer period. But John had put his foot down, and she dare not refuse.

At the exercises I took a seat directly behind the old lady, being curious to see how she would act while John was speaking. When it came his turn to deliver his oration I was struck with a certain practical simplicity there was about it. His subject was, "Why Do We Go to College?" It seemed to me that there was far more depth to what he said than to what Sumner had said to me on the same subject. The principal point he made was: "We must prepare to do our best in the world by doing our best in college. A college career will not in itself give us success, but it gives us better weapons with which to fight."

When John had finished his oration he did something that won me to him far more forcibly than anything he had said. On receiving his diploma he marched down the center aisle in full view of every one present to where his mother sat in her barbarous costume and laid the sheepskin in her lap. Then, putting his arms around her neck, he kissed her.

Most of those present knew the story the act told a story of pinch and save, a story of devotion from a mother to a son and its final reward. It was followed by a clapping of hands, through which John walked back to his place looking as though he realized the applause solely due to the heroine, his old mother in her alpaca dress and out of date hat.

I considered that I as well as both my suitors was upon the threshold of the great world, and it behooved me to choose between the two schools they represented. My whole being was suddenly turned to that represented by John Ryerson. At any rate, it filled me with a sudden antipathy to the other. The same evening after my return from the commencement exercises at Q—— college I wrote Fred Sumner an irrevocable refusal.

John Ryerson from that time gradually became more and more to me. I finally married him, and it seems to me that while I got nothing showy I did get all that is really best in a man. Nor is it the showy attributes that count in the long run. My husband has been able to give me and our children all the comforts we need, and whenever he is spoken of by his fellow citizens it is, "There's a man to tie to."

Surprise!

It Resulted In Another One

By CLARISSA MACKIE

A succession of darkly wrapped forms scudded up the snowy path to Mrs. Peter Weldrake's side door and disappeared within a brief glimpse of ruddy lighted room. Each time the door opened to admit another arrival there were much laughter and noisy conversation before the door became a dark blank again.

"Everybody here?" demanded Mrs. Weldrake, emerging from her kitchen, large, beetle browed and commanding of aspect. She was dressed in a stiff, black taffeta silk skirt of generous width and a white lawn waist. She wore a large white apron, and as she came into the sitting room there hovered about her a defined odor of freshly made coffee and recently fried doughnuts.

"Everybody here?" she repeated, reviewing the chattering groups of women and the awkward men hovering about the door.

"All except Althea Laden and her mother," spoke up a young girl. "They oughter been here by this time. I saw them drive away from their house long before we left."

There was an embarrassed silence before Mrs. Weldrake answered: "Well, we needn't wait for Althea Laden and her mother. They ain't coming." She vanished into the kitchen.

"Not coming?" asked the girl who had spoken before.

"They wasn't asked," whispered a woman guardedly.

"Not asked?" echoed the girl.

"'Tisn't likely, is it?" giggled a woman with a nod of her head toward the kitchen door, and the girl, glancing at Mrs. Weldrake's daughter, Stella, nodded understandingly.

"Althea Laden wasn't asked, to the minister's surprise." The words ran around in low murmured disapproval, for Althea and her mother were village favorites, and the invariable "Why?" and its answer followed. All of the women already knew that the Ladens had not been invited, but under the stern injunction of Mrs. Weldrake none had dared to break the seal of secrecy imposed upon the especially invited, for this surprise on the bachelor minister of Thornville had found its inception in the brain of matchmaking Mrs. Weldrake, and Althea Laden was not to be invited. Fat, good natured Stella Weldrake and pretty Althea Laden had always been warm friends, and according to Stella's discriminating parent that stout, amiable damsel was quite outrivaled by Althea's more delicate charms; hence this surprise party, from which the Ladens were omitted and where Stella was expected to shine undimmed and perchance capture the minister's unsuspecting heart.

"It's 9 o'clock," announced Mrs. Weldrake, bustling into the sitting room arrayed in warm shawls and with a knitted "fascinator" over her iron gray hair. "I guess we better be going. I see a lamp lighted in Mr. Whitney's study." She lifted a window curtain and peered across the snowy fields toward the parsonage. "He don't suspect a thing."

"And, so far as I know, nobody else outside this room knows about the surprise," added Mrs. Dora Hatch triumphantly as the party trooped forth, each one bearing burdens of toothsome viands. Big Peter Weldrake brought up the rear with a steaming can of coffee.

The surprise party creaked across the snow with much smothered laughter mingled with deference as they approached the parsonage from the path across the fields.

A green shaded lamp beamed from the study window, but there was no sign of the minister's dark, well shaped head outlined against the bookcases.

"He's stepped out a minute," breathed Mrs. Weldrake hoarsely. "Most likely's he's locking the door after Jennie Plumb. That's why I waited till 9 o'clock, after she'd got the dishes done. She's mortal slow."

"There she goes now!"

The group stood huddled by the back porch watching the bulky form of the black woman who came in by the day to "do" the minister's housework. When Jennie Plumb had tramped out of sight the surprise party tiptoed carefully around the path to the front door, Mrs. Weldrake leading and her husband bringing up the rear.

A dim light burned in the hall, but save for a green glimmer from the study beyond the parlors were quite dark. Mrs. Weldrake rang the bell once, twice, three times, without response.

"I guess Mr. Whitney ain't to home," whispered a doubtful voice.

"That's all the better," snapped back Mrs. Weldrake, trying the doorknob. "This door's unlocked, and we can go right in and give him the surprise of his life."

The women heaped their wraps in the hall in the manner of those who were accustomed to the business of surprising unsuspecting persons in their homes and bore their bundles of refreshments kitchenward, their mouths rounded to shout "Surprise!" at the hapless minister if he should prove to be in the house after all and should come upon them unexpectedly.

The men, feeling some compunction at this invasion, hung awkwardly about the front door as if ready to make a sudden exit in case disaster should overtake their more intrepid women folks. They might understand and enter into a surprise party upon one of the laity, but this encroachment upon the minister's privacy was more novel than enjoyable.

Dora Hatch had flitted from room to room and returned to announce that there wasn't a soul in the house, but that Jennie Plumb was outshining herself as a housekeeper, for the whole house was in apple pie order. "Even flowers in every room—carnations at 50 cents a dozen from the city," she ended.

"You don't suppose he suspected, do you?" asked Stella, who looked like a big pink and white baby in a white muslin gown with blue ribbons.

"I don't know who could have told him," said Mrs. Weldrake decisively from her executive position before the kitchen range. "I don't believe anybody would be mean enough to tell about it."

The fifteen women vociferated their innocence from tale telling, and those who were married exonerated their husbands, and those who were yet unchosen defended their sweethearts. Stella Weldrake looked troubled for a brief instant and then shook off whatever oppressed her mind and smiled across the room at Timothy Weed, who had peered bashfully in at the door.

Timothy blushed and drew back, but he had answered Stella's smile with a very betraying one, if any one had seen it.

Mrs. Weldrake blew out the light in the kitchen, and ushered the surprisers into the back parlor.

"Now, all sit around as quiet as mice, and when he comes into the front hall the boys will light the lamps and all the rest of us can holler 'Surprise!' and I guess he will be surprised. It was pretty good luck having him step off down street just at this time." Mrs. Weldrake was feeling satisfied with herself and the result of her planning. She had maneuvered the men out of the front hall, out of their overcoats, relieved them of their hats and marshaled them into the back parlor. Several of them were stationed with matches held ready to strike at the critical moment so that the full nature of the surprise might be revealed to the astonished and delighted minister on his return.

All at once there came the sound of sleighbells that stopped before the door.

The front door opened and closed lingeringly. Then the three lamps were simultaneously lighted, and thirty voices screamed "Surprise!" at the thoroughly surprised minister.

If Mr. Whitney was surprised the owners of the thirty voices were equally astonished, for their cries died on their lips, and they stood staring foolishly at the minister and his companion, Althea Laden, who had not been invited to the party! Althea stood in the doorway looking very lovely in a long pale gray cloak, beneath which showed a white dress. There were white flowers in her golden hair and on her breast. She looked like a bride, and it suddenly dawned upon the surprisers' party that Althea Laden was a bride. Nobody looked at Mrs. Peter Weldrake.

Mr. Whitney recovered his self possession and stepped forward. There was a look of serene happiness on his fine face, and his dark eyes glowed warmly as he thanked them.

"My friends, it seems that my marriage to Miss Laden has become known to you, and out of the warmness of your hearts you have come to bid her welcome as my wife. I shall ever remember this occasion with the greatest joy."

"Married?" interrupted Mrs. Weldrake, arising with a magisterial air from the chair into which she had fallen at the first shock of the surprise that had come to her share.

Mr. Whitney smiled and reddened and went on with his little speech of thanks, unconsciously stripping the surprise party of its motive and viewing it in the light of a carefully prepared welcome for himself and his bride. He explained that a public marriage would have been in order at a later date had not Mrs. Laden been summoned that very morning to the bedside of a dying relative in the west and he had urged an immediate marriage with Althea, who was to be left behind. They had all driven over to Meadville and been married by a minister there and had then seen Mrs. Laden off on her western journey.

"The bride cake must come later," he ended with a smile.

Of course they all came forward and kissed Althea and congratulated the minister. They were heartily glad of the marriage, for Althea was a favorite, and it was something of a distinction to be one of a surprise party that had turned into a wedding party.

Mrs. Weldrake held herself well in hand, brushed Althea's cheek with her lips, majestically accepted their thanks as the organizer of the party and led the bevy of ladies who were to serve refreshments.

As they made their way homeward that evening Mrs. Weldrake felt a strange sense of defeat. The minister's brief interest in Stella had been her only hope that that babyish girl would ever be married. Her husband trudged beside her, swinging the empty coffee can. Stella was walking in the rear with Timothy Weed.

At the front door the Weldrakes turned and looked back.

Young Timothy Weed had his arm around Stella's capacious waist.

"I guess you'll have a wedding on your hands after all before spring, ma," chuckled her husband as they went inside.

And Mrs. Weldrake blushed that he had understood her scheming, but she felt strangely comforted.

Penalties of Genius.

Genius and ill health, it would seem, often go hand in hand. At any rate, many of the greatest deeds that the world has seen performed have been accomplished by men physically infirm.

Darwin suffered so acutely from nervous exhaustion that he could only work for two hours a day at the most. Thackeray was frequently ill; Johnson nearly always in poor health; Dickens at the age of fifty-five was an old man, with shattered nerves; while Sir Walter Scott, a subject of spasms, was a chronic invalid during the later years of his life and died at the age of fifty-nine.

Milton, William Morris and Charles Keane, the actor, all were slaves to gout, and Milton was further handicapped by being blind. The poet Keats died of consumption when still quite young. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was an invalid for the greater part of her life.

Insanity claimed Dean Swift, while Rousseau and Cowper were insane during periods of their lives.

Sarcastic.

He had just reached the philosophical stage when he slipped into a restaurant between bars for a bit to eat. He ordered. Then he sat staring ahead, quietly thoughtful in expression, and waited.

It is admitted that he did some waiting too. What happened to his order couldn't be understood outside the peculiar convolutions of a restaurant kitchen, but he spent half an hour sitting there, staring ahead of him.

At last it came. As the waitress put the order before him he started from his deep study as if he had forgotten he had an order coming. Then, looking up at the fair transporter of edibles, he said:

"You don't look a day older!"—Everybody's.

Foretelling the Weather.

Here are a few hints for foretelling the following day's weather: First of all, look at the northwest for your weather. However threatening the sky may appear, if you see a bit of blue in the northwest you won't have a steady downpour. At the worst it will only be showery.

If the day has been very fine and the blue sky is suddenly specked over in the evening with little curly clouds then look out for a change of weather. The longer they take to form the longer the time before the change comes about.

A red sun in the early morning is a bad sign, for there will be wet weather before the next twenty-four hours are over. Though the sky at sunrise may be absolutely cloudless, yet if the eastern horizon is red or orange the clouds will roll up and rain probably will fall before nightfall.

Evening red and morning gray,
Two sure signs of one fine day.

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Good Morning

Story of a Locomotive Engineer's Courtship

By VERNON ARNOLD

Jim Tucker was a locomotive engineer. He was thirty-five years old, unmarried, and kept his belongings in a boarding house at one of the terminals of the railroad for which he worked. Since his was a day run he usually slept in his room nights.

Life was beginning to get tiresome for Jim—that is, when he was not running his engine. He had lost a young man's taste for amusement, but, not being an educated person, did not care for books. When on time he got in from his day's run out and return at 4 o'clock and was ready to leave the roundhouse at from 5 to 6. His evening meal was finished by 7, and he read a newspaper till 8. The rest of the evening was very lonesome for him. He would sit in his room wishing for a home, a nice little cottage not far from the roundhouse, where he might be comfortable between the hour of his coming in the evening and his departure in the morning. He would picture a tidy woman standing in the doorway waiting for him and several "wee things toddlin'" down the walk with outstretched arms on the way to meet him. Then he would sigh, read the advertisements in the newspaper and go to bed.

Not far from the terminal which Jim considered his abiding place, about 200 yards from the track, was a small house that looked as if it might have been built by the white settlers of the country. It stood in the center of a four acre lot, on a part of which were forest trees. When Jim had commenced his runs on the road the place was uninhabited, and, although he had passed it twice a day for six years, he had never seen a person on the premises. Notwithstanding its dilapidated appearance, it required little stretch of the imagination to picture it a pleasant home. A porch, an arbor, a small barn, all in a state of decay, remained, and Jim as he drove by it loved to fancy the persons who had used them.

One Sunday he walked out to the deserted house—it was but a mile from the roundhouse—and went over it. Through open spaces where a weatherboard had rotted away he could see that the framework was of the stoutest oak. It had already lasted probably one or two hundred years and would likely last as much longer. Indeed, two-thirds of the building was like iron; the rest needed renewing. If Jim only had a wife he would buy the place and fix it up.

But he hadn't the wife. And this matter of getting a wife is a very uncertain matter. It is not necessarily a matter of means. Many a man worth millions has lived to be very old and never been blessed with a home. Jim was getting good pay and had money laid up, but he was as far from possessing a wife as if he had neither pay nor a nest egg. So he went back to his lonely room, spent a lonely evening and went to his lonely bed.

One morning when he pulled by the deserted place he was surprised to see a little pile of new lumber in the grounds. A few days later a man was sawing a board. When Jim returned in the afternoon the man was putting in new posts where there was most decay. Jim took notice of the man at work when he passed for a couple of weeks, at the end of which time the buildings had been restored to their primitive condition. A painter took the place of a carpenter, and when the painter left the place was again deserted.

But a few days later as Jim sped by on his iron horse he saw a woman busying herself about the house. It was spring, and the windows and doors were open. The woman was gathering the small pieces of wood and piling them in the wood house. Jim was not near enough to her to see what she looked like, but he could see that she was neither old nor slatternly. When he returned in the afternoon the refuse had been got rid of and the house looked habitable. Every morning and every afternoon the engineer took note of the cottage and its gradual improvement. Then he saw curtains in the windows, and it was evident that the new tenants had moved in.

Jim was curious to know of what persons the family would consist, but weeks passed, and not a person did he ever see about the place except the woman. One afternoon as he was driving by she was coming down the walk that led to the road beside the rails, dressed evidently to go into the city. She reached the road just as Jim's locomotive clattered by, and he saw her plainly. She appeared to be between twenty-five and thirty years old, neatly clad and not bad looking. She caught Jim's eye fixed intently upon her, but it was only for a moment, and her own eyes were turned away immediately.

The house having been put in order, the grounds next received attention. But for this the woman was not so fitted on account of lack of physical strength. Her efforts consisted chiefly in setting plants about the house and trimming some small flowering trees. How Jim wished he could use a spade there in the evening, after coming in from his day's run, and keep the grass from growing rank.

One reason why he had never married was that he had very little pluck in addressing a woman. Yet the most cowardly men in this respect will sometimes do the rashest things. They are like soldiers fighting behind breastworks, inordinately brave. Jim might have gone out to the place when not on duty, made an excuse to call on the woman, find out if she were single and court her, if he liked her, in the regular way. But he was not up to this. So he laid a plan for attacking her while traveling by on his locomotive. She could not strike back, for she could not get at him. With his hand on the throttle he felt like a warrior grasping a sword.

On several occasions during the summer this lone lady was in that part of her grounds nearest the track when Jim passed, and safe in his cab he made bold to look at her admiringly. How she took this evidence of interest in her he could not tell, but she gave no evidence of being displeased with it. Jim was not a bad looking fellow, and if any profession requires strength and nerve that of engine driving surely does. But Jim was not conscious of the advantage this would give him with a woman.

Jim nailed several boards together, making a surface about four feet by three. On one side he chalked "Good morning" and on the other "Good evening." He took the board with him in his cab and waited for a time when the woman whose acquaintance he wished to form was in the yard and looking at the passing train, as she often did. Then he prepared to swing out his message, displaying the appropriate side.

An opportunity occurred on his in run. The woman was standing in her doorway and was looking at the train. Jim took up his message and held it where she could see it. But she was not looking at the engine and failed to notice this beginning of a correspondence. But Jim tried it again and again till one morning he saw her laugh and knew that he had attracted her attention. He hoped that when he passed her house on his return trip he would get a reply, but this was not to be expected. She might alone read a message from Jim, but all on the train could read a message from her to him.

One morning when he passed he saw something white in one of the upper windows. It would not attract the attention of any one except the one for whom it was intended, and Jim felt confident that it was meant for him.

Jim made inquiries about the woman and learned that she was a young widow who had been a dressmaker, but, having a greater taste for country life and a small bank account of savings, had rented the cottage with a view to getting a living out of it either by chickens or vegetables. She had no children and was an orphan, without brothers or sisters.

Jim thought of a great many things he would like to say to her in chalk letters, but a reply would be too conspicuous to be considered, so he was obliged to make up his mind to beard the lioness in her den. It did not require much bravery to call upon a woman who had waved to him from her window, but the moment he left his cab he seemed to lose all courage. However, he was not up to facing the widow without some kind of announcement and wrote the following note with a carpenter's pencil on the bottom of a cardboard box:

I'm coming to see you next Sunday. If you don't want me to, put out a notice.

One day when passing and having the woman's attention he threw the message from the cab and, on rounding a curve farther on, looked back to see her pick it up.

When Jim went by the place again he saw a sign in the yard, "No Trespassing on These Premises on Sunday."

Jim's heart sank within him till he saw the widow at a window waving at him. But even this did not convince him that the sign in the yard was to let him know that his message had been received and the waving was to assure him that he would be welcome.

When Sunday morning came round the sun rose bright and shone straight into Jim's heart. He put on his best clothes and made himself look as attractive as possible. He would have liked to go on his visit as soon as he had finished his breakfast, but had the discretion to give the widow time to do her chores and the usual Sunday morning tidying up. About 10 o'clock, finding that the minutes were going like hours, he could wait no longer. When he approached the house the widow saw him coming and met him at the gate.

Jim's call was a success. The widow had a good dinner for him, and neither she nor Jim was disposed to a long delay in coming to an understanding. Jim wanted a home, and the widow wanted a man for a companion, protector and partner. Before Jim left the preliminaries were settled—that is, Jim was to call often, and they were to take steps to find out something about each other.

In a month they were engaged, and in the fall they were married. The next spring Jim spent more money on the house and a good deal of labor on the grounds. Mrs. Jim chose chicken farming for an occupation, and a large chicken house was built during the winter.

Jim still sticks to his engine. But when he walks home from the roundhouse he sees his wife standing in the door and his "wee things toddlin'" to meet him, as he had dreamed when passing the deserted house a few years before. Jim's first love letter is a part of the chicken house. It is placed over the door, and the chalked letters, "Good morning," have been replaced by painted ones. It is said that chanticleer always raises his head toward it when he gives his first daily crow.

Cadet Life at West Point.

Briefly, at 3:45 p. m. the academic work is over for the day and drills for all classes occupy the hour from 4 to 5, followed by a dress parade at 5:25, excepting Wednesdays and Saturdays. This is the schedule from Sept. 1 to Nov. 1 and from March 15 to June. On Saturdays academic work ends at 12:30, and, with the exception of inspection at 1:50, the afternoon of the cadet is free until 6:25 supper call. His amusements are much like those of college students generally. Football is perhaps the most popular organized sport. Games are played on the West Point grounds with teams from many colleges, and the season closes with the annual army-navy game, when the West Pointers meet the midshipmen from Annapolis on Franklin field, Philadelphia. Basket ball follows during the winter months, many contests with teams from other schools occurring during the season, and then in the spring comes baseball of course.—Popular Mechanics.

Woman and Her Hat.

A woman cannot stick a hat on her head as you stick a stamp on a letter. There is an ingenious machine that sticks stamps on letters at the rate of several thousands an hour. But nobody has invented a machine for sticking hats on the heads of women.

A man can buy a hat in five minutes, but no woman would dream of buying a hat in less than an hour. Often a woman will acquire a splitting headache in the attempt to find one hat to suit her out of a hundred, and not seldom she carries away the headache without a hat on it.

The hat hunt is only a small part of the daily agony of shopping, and yet a man would rather cut his throat than engage in a hat hunt as a dispassionate spectator. Men prefer to hunt the fox or the stag, the tiger or the lion, the grizzly or the grouse. A tiger hunt is not nearly so perilous as a hat hunt. —London Opinion.

Profits In Waste Paper.

The sale of waste paper used to afford perquisites for government officials. When John McCulloch (of Dictionary of Commerce fame) was appointed comptroller of the stationery office in 1841, he discovered that the proceeds from the sale of government waste paper were divided among his subordinates, who thus more than doubled their official incomes. The new comptroller prohibited this practice on the ground that all moneys derived from such sales belonged to the exchequer. Some of the officials disregarded this prohibition and continued to sell waste paper and pocket the proceeds. When this came to the ears of McCulloch they were prosecuted for "systematic appropriation of public property." For many years past the stationery office has made over £10,000 a year from the sale of waste paper.—London Mail.

Jenny Lind's California Debut.

At Monterey, Cal., formerly a part of Mexico and ceded to the United States during the Mexican war, is the first public building built in California and now a broken down, weather racked ruin of adobe. In this building Jenny Lind made her first California debut, and when the gold the enthusiastic miners had thrown upon the stage after her performance was gathered up it was found to fill two five-gallon oil cans—about twenty pounds of gold and equal in value to about $5,000. Another curious building is a police station which is built within the braces of an oil derrick and for unique buildings certainly establishes a record.—Health Magazine.

Wise Old Doctor.

Patient (abed and very sick)—But, doc, if physicians never agree on anything, what's the use of calling any two of them for this consultation you propose?

Old Family Doctor—I'll fix that all right. I'll just go out and get a couple of these young fellows running around in the same make of automobile. When you get 'em agreed on that they generally think alike in everything else. Take it from me, the three of us will find out what's the matter with you in about ten minutes.—St. Louis Republic.

Thoughtless Expression.

"You say in this story," commented the copy reader, "that the heroine buried her face in her hands."

"Well," asked the story writer, "isn't that all right?"

"No. You can't have an ideal heroine with such large hands as that."—Washington Star.

She Didn't Believe It.

"Disease," said the doctor, "always attacks the weakest spot."

"Oh," the patient's wife replied, "that can't be true. If it were, my husband would have brain fever or something like that instead of liver trouble."—Exchange.

Regained His Nerve.

Hubbard—Simpkins has got over his nervous prostration. Pease—How can you tell? Hubbard—Why, I met him on the street last night, and he wanted to borrow $20.—Puck.

What Puzzled Her.

"I understood the text all right," exmarked Aunt Ann Peebles after the sermon was over, "but the preacher's explanation of it puzzled me a good deal."—Chicago Tribune.

Young America Getting Wise.

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

"Is he the fellow, pa, who takes away the years from a woman's age?"—Boston Herald.

HELPFUL WORDS

From a Bellefonte Citizen.

Is your back lame and painful?

Does it ache especially after exertion?

Is there a soreness in the kidney region?

These symptoms suggest weak kidneys.

If so there is danger in delay.

Weak kidneys get fast weaker.

Give your trouble prompt attention.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys.

Your neighbors use and reccommend them.

Read this Bellefonte testimony.

Mrs. James Rine, 239 W. High St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "Some years ago I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Green's Pharmacy Co., and was cured of kidney complaint and bachache that had caused me no end of suffering. At that time I told of my experience in a public statement and I now take the pleasure in confirming that testimonial. The cure Doan's Kidney Pills gave me has been permanent."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Mrs. Irvin Johnson Dead.

Mrs. Irvin Johnson, residing near Tyrone, died suddenly on Tuesday evening of last week. She was aged 68 years, and is survived by her husband, five sons, one daughter and three brothers and six sisters. The brothers include George Updyke, of Sandy Ridge. She was an excellent christian woman.

Appointed to Italy.

Hon. Benjamin F. Chase, of Clearfield, at present Consul to Leeds, England, has been given a similar appointment by President Wilson to Leghorn, on the west coast of Italy about 200 miles distant from Rome.

Read "The Republican $1 a year.

Cures While you Walk.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes It instantly takes the sting out of corns itching feet, ingrowing nails, and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller after using. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous and swollen, tender, ching feet. Try it today. Sold everywhere 25c. Trial package FREE Ad

BYRON W. KING'S SCHOOL OF ORATORY New Building and Dormitory.

Prepares for teaching, platform, stage. Cures stammering and other speech defects. English and Physical Culture. Send for prospectus.
MT. OLIVER, PITTSBURG, PA. 9-18-2t.

Certainly You Want the

Best Insurance

You can get for the money. Then see

John F. Gray & Son

for Fire, Accident, Health, Steam Boiler, Employers Liability and Plate Glass Insurance.

OFFICE

Crider's Stone Bl'dg

High Street,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Every man should have intimate relations with a good bank, ready at all times to help its patrons. Let us open an account with you. We may prove to be a friend when you need one.

The First National Bank,
Bellefonte, Penna.

Don't Forget

That our years of experience in the lumbering business from stump to building is an asset to you if you buy from us any kind of building material.

WE ARE SELLING AGENT FOR

PAROID ROOFING

which is the best we know of. Don't forget the name. There are other makes named to deceive the unwary buyer. We alone sell Paroid in Centre Co.

Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoating and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

Red Cedar Shingles

from the Pacific Coast (Not, the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

P B CRIDER & SON

Office, Yard and Mill at Lamb St Bridge. Bellefonte, Pa.

Professional Card.

Harry E. Fenlon,
FIRE INSURANCE.
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H. C. Quigley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Harry Keller,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Clement Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

J. Thomas Mitchell,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St. Bellefonte Pa.

Gettig, Bower & Zerby
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Practice in all the courts, and collection promptly attended to. Office, Eagle Block, Bellefonte, Pa.

Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall. 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.50	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10. 0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.26
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.		
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35		f 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40		.....
	Strubles	f 7.45		3.30
	State College	8.00		f 5.05
	Krumrine	f 8.07		f 5.00
	Waddles			f 5.25
	Briarly	f		5.37
	Fillmore	f		f 5.38
	Hunters Park	f 8.31		f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35		f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	.....	f 5.56
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	.....	f 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
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TO make your garden a success, you will find an invaluable guide in
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AN encyclopædia on gardening, of 288 pages, 1000 splendid photo-reproductions, 4 color pages and 6 duotone plates. Full directions given for growing flowers, plants, bulbs, vegetables, lawn grass and farm seeds.
Call or Write *Mailed Free*
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714 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

RHEUMATISM
PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY THE ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE, & EFFECTIVE. 50c & $1
DRUGGISTS.
OR 95 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Here and There.

Grangers picnic this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Mingle are visiting in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Roy Brandon entertained with cards on Tuesday evening.

Charles McCurdy Scott departed on Tuesday to enter Princeton.

Joseph Ceader, Jr., was among the number to enter Penn State on Tuesday.

Miss Helen Ceader entertained at bridge on Friday afternoon of last week.

John Curtin visited over Sunday in Pittsburgh with his brother, J. Mac Curtin.

The Misses Bessie and Daisy Smith spent the week-end with friends in Curtin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perrin, of this place, are visiting with friends in Tyrone.

Mrs. J. Mac Curtin and children will return today to their home in Pittsburgh.

Mrs. R. Russel Blair has been engaged t odirect the choir of the Presbyterian church.

Miss Sallie Fitzgerald returned home on Monday, after a six weeks visit in Williamsport.

Frank Lingle, of Patton, will arrive in Bellefonte today to visit his sister, Mrs. Edward Garman.

Dr. DeLaun Stewart is off on a hunting and fishing trip in Maine with a party of Williamsport friends.

Among the girls leaving for college this week are Ethel Dale, Margaret Gilmour and Mildred Locke.

Miss Cecil DeLegarde and Miss Anna Valentine returned to Boalsburg last week, after the season in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Heberling, of State College, were very pleasant callers at "The Republican" office on Monday.

Mr. and J. Norman Sherer, of Harrisburg, were arrivals in town on Tuesday, Mr. Sherer returning home yesterday.

Raymond Jenkins, of Tyrone, a former Bellefonte boy, stopped over here on Monday night, enroute to Penn State.

George Harris departed on Wednesday, for Wheeling, West Virginia, where he has a position with the B. & O.

Miss Tomb and Mrs. William Malin returned to Bellefonte on Monday and are guests of their sister, Mrs. Louisa Bush.

Miss Adeline Olewine returned on Monday from Lewistown, where she attended the Montgomery Stewart wedding.

Miss Mary Griest, of Unionville, spent Tuesday in Bellefonte with Mrs. Robert Wray, who is a guest of Mrs. James Harris.

Joseph Harris, with Mrs. Harris and children and maid, arrived in Bellefonte today to visit with his mother, Mrs. Rachel Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Riley returned on Monday to their home in Bradford, after visiting for two weeks with the Bradleys in Bellefonte.

Mr. Shoemaker, of Jeannette, and Mr. Jeffries, of Scranton, spent the week-end here with Harris Olewine, being enroute to Penn State.

Miss Julia Curtin and her grand-nephew Gregg Shelden, will return to Bellefonte today, after spending the summer in Connecticut.

W. O. Knarr, of Howard, was a very pleasant caller at "The Republican" office while transacting business in town between trains yesterday.

Hardman P. Harris motored to Harrisburg on Tuesday, being accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Henry P. Harris, and Miss Lulu Harper, of Scranton.

Butchers are killing porkers and fresh sausage is being offered for sale in the local meat markets, emphasizing that Summer is in the down and out class.

Mrs. Harry E. Jenkins, of Tyrone, after visiting here with her sister, Mrs. M. B. Garman, for several weeks, departed last Saturday for a brief visit in Rebersburg.

Dr. W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, the well known and popular veterinarian, was in Chattanooga this week for the forty-seventh annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Hayes will on Saturday accompany their daughter, Miss Ellen, as far as Philadelphia on the latter's way to resume her studies at Sweetbriar, Virginia.

The Womens Auxilliary of the Bellefonte Hospital will hold a rummage sale in the empty store building in Aikens Block, beginning Wednesday evening October 15th, at 7 P. M. and continuing all day Thursday the 16th.

Miss Mollie Snyder, with her trimmer, Miss Bivan Jouran, arrived in Bellefonte on Tuesday. Miss Jouran has been in New York about one year, having come from Paris. Announcement of Miss Snyder's opening will be made later.

The opening reception and dance of the Bellefonte Academy will be held on Saturday evening, September 20th, from eight until eleven o'clock, at the Arcade Hall. Those expected will be notified in due time.

Wait for Stetson's Uncle Tom show, September 25th. The largest and grandest Uncle Tom Cabin Co. in existence—50 people, dogs, ponies, 2 bands, music floats and a mineture circus parade. Prices 25 - 35—50c.

Uncle Joshua R. Pheasant, of Mt. Eagle, greeted friends in town on Monday.

Colonel John A. Woodward, of Howard, was a visitor to the grangers picnic this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel B. Lebkicker, of Snow Shoe, are visiting with relatives in Washington, D. C.

County Superintendent of Schools D. O. Etters, of State College, was a business visitor in town on Monday.

Miss Anna Pearl is in New York this week attending the openings and selecting new models for her customers.

W. R. Gainfort, 108 East Curtin Street, will open his next shorthand class on Tuesday evening, October 7th. 2t.

Edward Keichline came down from Renovo on Tuesday evening in time to cast his vote at the primaries in the South ward.

Paul Swabb, of Spring Mills, was a recent caller at "The Republican" office, his mission being to advance his subscription to this paper.

Miss Lydia Thomas entertained on Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Wilson Norris, who is the house guest of the Misses Blanchard.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Woodring and children, of Tyrone, are visiting in Milesburg with Mr. Woodring's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Woodring.

Harry Freeman, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Freeman, of Tyrone, and a brother of Mrs. Hugh N. Crider, of Bellefonte, is critically ill at Salt Lake City, Utah.

John Beigle, one of our valued readers at Bald Eagle, kindly remembered us a day or two ago with a postal money order advancing his subscription another year.

At the regular meeting of the W. C. T. U., to be held this afternoon at 4 o'clock, there will be a general discussion of franchise, to be led by Miss Elizabeth M. Blanchard.

Joseph Twitmire, son of W. T. Twitmire, of this place, is one of the engineers in charge of Pennsylvania Railroad special trains for the grangers picnic this week.

Dr. William Frear, of State College was in town between trains on Monday morning, being enroute to Lewistown on business for the State Dairy and Food Department.

First Lieutenant Dick Taylor came over from Huntingdon last week to accompany Company L to Williamsport for the Old Home Week parade. He returned to Huntingdon on Monday.

The Lauderbach-Barber Co. on Monday received a car of fine Elberta peaches in Bellefonte and also a car at State College. The peaches were supplied to the trade through the local merchants.

The election board in the West Ward was unable to organize for several hours after the scheduled time for opening the polls on Tuesday. There was no Republican inspector on hand and it took considerable skirmishing about before one could be found.

On Sunday evening next following the regular service in the St. John's Episcopal church, a musical program will be rendered. The soloists will be Mr. and Mrs. Russel Blair and Miss Dorothy Bible.

Surveyor of the Port Charles R. Kurtz, spent several days in town last week and while here purchased a Ford runabout through Frank E. Naginey. The latter accompanied Mr. Kurtz in the car to Philadelphia on Sunday.

Al. Rowan, of Snow Shoe, one of the best known locomotive engineers, in this section, is kept pretty busy these days, but on Tuesday he found time to take out a postal money order, tuck it into an envelope and send it to "The Republican" office to advance his subscription to September 1914.

Darius Waite departed on Tuesday morning for Greensburg as a delegate from the Bellefonte United Brethren church to the Conference of that church in session there this week. Rev. C. W Winey is also in attendance. Mr. Waite will be compelled to return home early Monday morning in order to appear in court for duty as a juror.

We have just received information that the Herrick Seed Company of Rochester, N. Y., want a lady or gentlemen representative in this section to sell all kinds of Roses, Shrubs, Trees and Seeds. They inform us that without previous experience it is possible to make good wages every week. Any one out of employment write them for terms and inclose this notice.

Opening of the Opera House, Thursday, Sept. 25th. Wait for it. Stetson's Famous Uncle Tom Cabin. The greatest of them all. Secure your seats at Parrish's. Out of town people telephone for reserved seats.

Auto buses on the Milesburg and State College line make connections both ways.

With heavy traffic for the grangers picnic and thousands of students traveling to State College, train schedules in and out of Bellefonte over the Pennsylvania this week have been sadly out of tune. Handling several thousand trunks for the students alone is but one broblem encountered by the railroad men. The Bellefonte Central Railroad Company has representatives on the Pennsylvania trains leaving Tyrone who sell tickets from Bellefonte to State College and recheck baggage between these two points. This plan serves to avoid confusion and congestion at the Pennsylvania ticket office and baggage room in Bellefonte. As fast as the trunks arrive in Bellefonte they are loaded into box cars and hauled to State College by special train.

Mrs. Thomas A. Shoemaker returned from New York on Friday of last week.

Mrs. Ross Hickok entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening, covers being laid for eight.

Mrs. Robinson, an aunt of Mrs. Hugh S. Taylor, is visiting with friends in Philipsburg.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Hayes will close their Bellefonte home on October 1st for the winter.

Mrs. George L. Potter, who has been in Atlantic City for the last two months, will return home today.

Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Roland Curtin and children departed yesterday for Annapolis.

Mrs. Catherine Dinges attended the Old Home Week celebration in Williamsport, returning home on Monday.

A number of Academy students arrived here last week, coming several days ahead of time to become acquainted.

While Mr. and Mrs. Donald S. Potter are away their children are with their grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. James H Potter.

Mrs. L. B. Garber's dancing class will open on Friday night. Lessons from 7.30 to 8.30, the after-dance beginning at 9 o'clock.

Miss Eva Steinkirchner and sister, Mrs. Cecil Moorehead, of Newton, Kansas, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Beezer.

E. P. Irvin has resigned his position with the iron works at Cherry Tree and will go to a mining camp in Virginia to recuperate.

John Love is in Philadelphia receiving medical treatment from Dr. Edward Martin. Mrs. Love and Catherine are also in the city.

After visiting for some time with Mr and Mrs. Edward Richard, Mr and Mrs James All will return today to their home in Philadelphia.

Mrs. A. G. Morris and Miss Lydia Morris will depart today for Philadelphia. During their absence Mr. Morris will have apartments at the Bush House.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kaufman, of Altoona, visited over Sunday here with Mr. and Mrs. John D. Love. Mr. Kaufman is a brother of Mrs. Love.

Jack Lane entertained the Basket Shop corps on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Marie Gherrity, who will be married in the near future to James Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Keichline returned from their honeymoon tour on Wednesday and found a gaily decorated automobile awaiting them at the railroad station.

Miss Mary Hunter Linn returned home on Monday after a month's visit in Maine. Her brother, Henry S. Linn, returned from a delightful trip on the St. Lawrence river.

Mrs. James B. Lane returned home on Saturday from a delightful trip through Canada, on which she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Witmer and family in their private car.

The Misses Marjory and Sara McGinley entertained for Miss Harriet Ray on Tuesday evening with a miscellaneous shower. Miss Ray's wedding will take place in the late Fall.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Gettig announce the engagement of their daughter, Ethel, to Mr. Wynn Davis, of Brownsville, who will be remembered as a former student at the Bellefonte Academy.

One might not suspect it, but nevertheless the troubles away off in Mexico are felt by some persons in Bellefonte. For instance, some time ago the Bellefonte Central Railroad Company remodeled a passenger coach for the Parral & Durapgo Railroad, in Mexico, expecting to forward it as quickly as it would be ready. Just when the coach was in shape to leave the repair shop at Coleville word was received to hold it here until the revolutionists in Mexico might become more peaceable. There was nothing for General Manager Thomas to do but obey orders, and while the coach is in some respects a burden it is being used this week to help out in conveying the big throng of students from Bellefonte to State College. The coach, as repaired and remodeled, is a curiosity. One end is fitted up for first-class passengers. The opposite end is made into one compartment for second-class passengers, while the centre of the coach is for baggage. In the baggage compartment is a stove, devised for burning wood, only.

(continued from page 1)

BOROUGH CONTESTS

mour and Mrs. R. S. Brouse were renominated on all tickets, having no opposition.

For Council W. R. Shope and Edward Haupt were nominated on both Republican and Democratic tickets in the West ward. Hardman P. Harris and W. A. Lyon were nominated on the Republican and Washington tickets in the North, with John J. Bower being named on the Democratic ticket. In the South ward Frank E. Naginey and James D. Seibert were named on all tickets.

Edmund Blanchard was nominated for burgess on all tickets.

For Democratic State Committeman, Zerby carried the North and South wards over Smith, losing the West. Zerby's majority in the borough was 76, the vote being: Zerby, 155; Smith, 79.

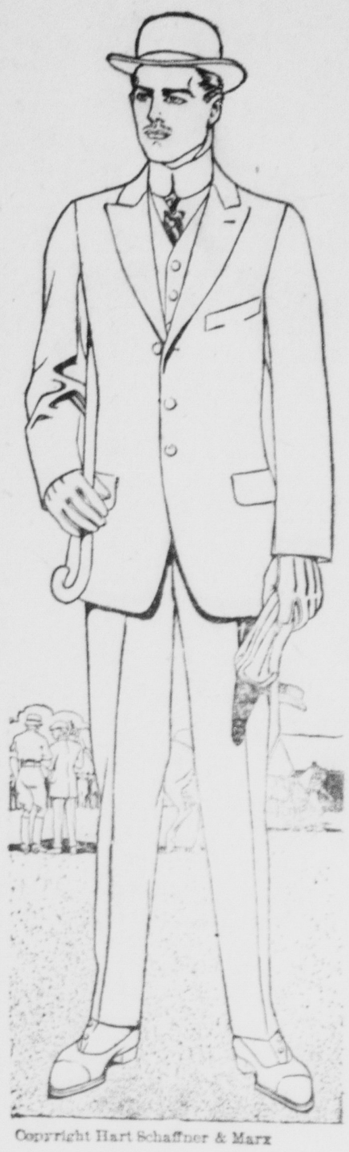
For Democratic Jury Commissioner, Hazel carried the borough over Stamm by 123 majority, the vote being: Hazel, 172; Stamm 49.

Good service in the matter of clothes is the thing we're trying to give to the man of this community.

Good service involves knowing what you ought to have in matters of quality; it means seeing that you get the best possible value for your money; and that means, of course, pricing the goods so we can give that sort of service.

It means style, too; and good fit. It means having clothes that will fit such figures as our illustration shows--portly men, stout men, short men, hard-to-fit men.

Service means, also, tell-you about it: we're doing that. Sizes for everybody; there's not a man in this town that we cannot fit in these ready clothes. $10.00 and up, special values at $15.00.



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